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REMINISCENCES:

Written in 1788,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF
MISS MARY AND MISS AGNES B***Y;

BY

HORACE WALPOLE,

LATE EARL OF ORFORD,

Il ne faut point d'esprit pour s'occuper des vieux evenemens.

VOLTAIRE,

MDCCXCIX,

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HORACE WALPOLE'S

REMINISCENCES.



Sir T. Lawrence del.

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1819.



THIS agreeable Historical Tale has hitherto been secluded from the eye of the general reader, in the retirement of five quarto volumes. The present editor has frequently contemplated an impression detached from the other works of the Noble Author; and as the public attention has recently been directed to his name by an additional volume of his Letters, it was thought that it could not pass the press at a better opportunity than the present.

LONDON, APRIL, 1818.

His (Horace Walpole's) Reminiscences of the reigns of George I. and II. make us better acquainted with the manners of these princes and their courts than we should be after perusing an hundred heavy historians; and futurity will long be indebted to the chance which threw into his vicinity, when age rendered him communicative, the accomplished ladies to whom these anecdotes were communicated.—His certainty of success with posterity indeed will rest upon his Letters and his Reminiscences.

Quarterly Review, Sept. 1818.

HORACE WALPOLE's REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

You were both so entertained with the old stories I told you one evening lately, of what I recollected to have seen and heard from my childhood of the courts of king George the first, and of his son the prince of Wales, afterwards George the second; and of the latter's princess, since queen Caroline; and you expressed such wishes that I would commit those passages (for they are scarce worthy of the title even of anecdotes) to writing; that, having no greater pleasure than to please you both, nor any more important or laudable occupation, I will begin to satisfy the repetition of your curiosity. — But observe, I promise no more than to *begin*; for I not only cannot answer that I shall have patience to continue, but my memory is still so fresh, or rather so retentive of trifles which first made impression on it, that it is very possible my life, (turned of seventy-one) may be exhausted before my stock of remembrances; especially as I am sensible of the

garrulity of old age, and of its eagerness of relating whatever it recollects, whether of moment or not. Thus, while I fancy I am complying with you, I may only be indulging myself, and consequently may wander into many digressions for which you will not care a straw, and which may intercept the completion of my design. Patience, therefore, young ladies; and if you coin an old gentleman into narratives, you must expect a good deal of alloy. I engage for no method, no regularity, no polish. My narrative will probably resemble siege-pieces, which are struck of any promiscuous metals; and, though they bear the impress of some sovereign's name, only serve to quiet the garrison for the moment, and afterwards are merely hoarded by collectors and virtuosos, who think their series not complete, unless they have even the coins of base metal of every reign.

As I date from my nonage, I must have laid up no state-secrets. Most of the facts I am going to tell you, though new to you and to most of the present age, were known perhaps at the time to my nurse and my tutors. Thus my stories will have nothing to do with history.

Luckily there have appeared within these three months two publications, that will serve as precedents for whatever I am going to say: I mean, *Les fragmens* of the correspondence of the duchess of Orleans, and those of the *Mémoires* of the duc de St. Simon. Nothing more *decousu* than both. They tell you what they please—or rather what their editors have pleased to let them tell.

In one respect I shall be less satisfactory. They

knew and were well acquainted, or thought they were, with the characters of their personages. I did not at ten years old penetrate characters; and as George I. died at the period where my Reminiscence begins, and was rather a good sort of man than a shining king; and as the duchess of Kendal was no genius, I heard very little of either when he and her power were no more. In fact, the reign of George I. was little more than the proem to the history of England under the house of Brunswic. That family was established here by surmounting a rebellion; to which settlement perhaps the phrensy of the South Sea scheme contributed, by diverting the national attention from the game of faction to the delirium of stock-jobbing; and even faction was split into fractions by the quarrel between the king and the heir apparent—another interlude which authorises me to call the reign of George I. a proem to the history of the reigning house of Brunswic, so successively agitated by parallel feuds.

Commençons.

As my first hero was going off the stage before I ought to have come upon it, it will be necessary to tell you, why the said two personages happened to meet just two nights before they were to part for ever; a rencounter that barely enables me to give you a general idea of the former's person and of his mistress's—or, as has been supposed, his wife's.

As I was the youngest by eleven years of sir Robert Walpole's children by his first wife, and was extremely weak and delicate, as you see me

still, though with no constitutional complaint till I had the gout after forty; and as my two sisters* were consumptive and died of consumptions; the supposed necessary care of me (and I have overheard persons saying, "That child cannot possibly live") so engrossed the attention of my mother, that compassion and tenderness soon became extreme fondness: and as the infinite good nature of my father never thwarted any of his children, he suffered me to be too much indulged, and permitted her to gratify the first vehement inclination that ever I expressed, and which, as I have never since felt any enthusiasm for royal persons, I must suppose that the female attendants in the family must have put into my head, *to long to see the king*. This childish caprice was so strong, that my mother solicited the duchess of Kendal to obtain for me the honour of kissing his majesty's hand before he set out for Hanover.—A favour so unusual to be asked for a boy of ten years old, was still too slight to be refused to the wife of the first minister for her darling child: yet not being proper to be made a precedent, it was settled to be in private and at night.

Accordingly, the night but one before the king began his last journey, my mother carried me at ten at night to the apartment of the countess of Walsingham,† on the ground-floor towards the garden at St. James's, which opened into that of her aunt the duchess of Kendal: apartments occu-

* Katherine Walpole, and Mary viscountess Malpas.

† Melusina Schulemberg, niece of the duchess of Kendal, created countess of Walsingham, and afterwards married to the famous Philip Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield.

pied by George II. after his queen's death, and by his successive mistresses, the countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth.

Notice being given that the king was come down to supper, lady Walsingham took me alone into the duchess's ante-room, where we found alone the king and her. I knelt down, and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother.

The person of the king is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was that of an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tie wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue riband over all. So entirely was he my object, that I do not believe I once looked at the duchess; but as I could not avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady; but I did not retain the least idea of her features, nor know what the colour of her dress was.

My childish loyalty, and the condescension in gratifying it, were, I suppose, causes that contributed very soon afterwards to make me shed a flood of tears for that sovereign's death, when with the other scholars at Eton college I walked in procession to the proclamation of the successor; and which (though I think they partly fell because I imagined it became the son of a prime-minister to be more concerned than other boys), were no doubt imputed by many of the spectators who were poli-

ticians, to my fears of my father's most probable fall, but of which I had not the smallest conception; nor should have met with any more concern than I did when it really arrived in the year 1742, by which time I had lost all taste for courts and princes and power, as was natural to one who never felt an ambitious thought for himself.

It must not be inferred from her obtaining this grace for me, that the duchess of Kendal was a friend to my father. On the contrary, at that moment she had been labouring to displace him, and introduce lord Bolinbroke* into the administration; on which I shall say more hereafter.

It was an instance of sir Robert's singular fortune, or evidence of his talents, that he not only preserved his power under two successive monarchs, but in spite of the efforts of both their mistresses† to remove him. It was perhaps still more remarkable, and an instance unparalleled, that sir Robert governed George the first in Latin, the king not speaking English‡, and his minister no German, nor even French. It was much talked of, that sir

* The well-known Henry St. John, viscount Bolinbroke, secretary of state to queen Anne, on whose death he fled and was attainted.

† The duchess of Kendal and lady Suffolk.

‡ Prince William (afterwards duke of Cumberland), then a child, being carried to his grandfather on his birth-day, the king asked him at what hour he rose. The prince replied, "when the chimney-sweepers went about." "Vat is de chimney-sweeper?" said the king. "Have you been so long in England," said the boy, "and do not know what a chimney-sweeper is? Why, they are like that man there"—pointing to lord Finch, afterwards earl of Winchelsea.

Robert, detecting one of the Hanoverian ministers in some trick or falsehood before the king's face, had the firmness to say to the German, "Mentiris, impudentissime!"—The good-humoured monarch only laughed, as he often did when sir Robert complained to him of his Hanoverians selling places, nor would be persuaded that it was not the practice of the English court; and which an incident must have planted in his mind with no favourable impression of English disinterestedness. "This is a strange country!" said his majesty: "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, &c. which they told me were mine. The next day lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me *my own* carp out of *my own* canal in *my own* park!"

I have said that the duchess of Kendal was no friend of sir Robert, and wished to make lord Bolingbroke minister in his room. I was too young to know any thing of that reign, nor was acquainted with the political cabals of the court, which however I might have learnt from my father in the three years after his retirement; but being too thoughtless at that time, nor having your laudable curiosity, I neglected to inform myself of many passages

and Nottingham, of a family uncommonly swarthy and dark,

——"the black funereal Finches——"

Sir Ch. Williams's Ode to a Number of Great Men, 1742.

and circumstances, of which I have often since regretted my faulty ignorance.

By what I can at present recollect, the duchess seems to have been jealous of sir Robert's credit with the king, which he had acquired, not by paying court, but by his superior abilities in the house of commons, and by his knowledge in finance, of which lord Sunderland and Craggs had betrayed their ignorance in countenancing the South Sea scheme; and who, though more agreeable to the king, had been forced to give way to Walpole, as the only man capable of repairing that mischief. The duchess too might be alarmed at his attachment to the princess of Wales, from whom, in case of the king's death, her grace could expect no favour. Of her jealousy I do know the following instance: Queen Anne had bestowed the rangership of Richmond New Park on her relations the Hydes for three lives, one of which was expired. King George, fond of shooting, bought out the term of the last earl of Clarendon and of his son lord Cornbury, and frequently shot there, having appointed my eldest brother lord Walpole ranger nominally, but my father in reality, who wished to hunt there once or twice a week. The park had run to great decay under the Hydes, nor was there any mansion * better than the common lodges of the keepers.

* The earl of Rochester, who succeeded to the title of Clarendon on the extinction of the elder branch, had a villa close without the park; but it had been burnt down, and only one wing was left. W. Stanhope, earl of Harrington, purchased the ruins, and built the house, since bought by lord Camelford.

The king ordered a stone lodge, designed by Henry earl of Pembroke, to be erected for himself, but merely as a banquetting-house*, with a large eating-room, kitchen, and necessary offices, where he might dine after his sport. Sir Robert began another of brick for himself and the under-ranger, which by degrees he much enlarged, usually retiring thither from business, or rather, as he said himself, to do more business than he could in town, on Saturdays and Sundays. On that edifice, on the thatched house, and other improvements, he laid out fourteen thousand pounds of his own money. In the mean time, he hired a small house for himself on the hill without the park; and in that small tenement the king did him the honour of dining with him more than once after shooting. His majesty, fond of private † joviality, was pleased with punch after dinner, and indulged in it freely. The duchess, alarmed at the advantage the minister might make of the openness of the king's heart in those convivial unguarded hours, and at a crisis when she was conscious sir Robert was apprised of her inimical machinations in favour of Bolinbroke, enjoined the few Germans who accompanied the king at those dinners, to prevent his majesty from

* It was afterwards enlarged by princess Amelia, to whom her father George II. had granted the reversion of the ranger-ship after lord Walpole. Her royal highness sold it to George III. for a pension on Ireland of 1200*l.* a-year, and his majesty appointed lord Bute ranger for life.

† The king hated the parade of royalty. When he went to the opera, it was in no state, nor did he sit in the stage box, nor forwards, but behind the duchess of Kendal and lady Walsingham, in the second box, now allotted to the maids of honour.

drinking too freely. Her spies obeyed too punctually, and without any address. The king was offended, and silenced the tools by the coarsest epithets in the German language. He even before his departure ordered sir Robert to have the stone-lodge finished against his return—no symptom of a falling minister, as has since been supposed sir Robert then was, and that lord Bolinbroke was to have replaced him, had the king lived to come back. But my presumption to the contrary is more strongly corroborated by what had recently passed. The duchess had actually prevailed on the king to see Bolinbroke secretly in his closet. That intriguing Proteus, aware that he might not obtain an audience long enough to efface former prejudices, and make sufficient impression on the king against sir Robert, and in his own favour, went provided with a long memorial, which he left in the closet, and begged his majesty to peruse coolly at his leisure. The king kept the paper—but no longer than till he saw sir Robert, to whom he delivered the poisoned remonstrance.—If that communication prognosticated the minister's fall, I am at a loss to know what a mark of confidence is.

Nor was that discovery the first intimation that Walpole had received of the measure of Bolinbroke's gratitude. The minister, against the earnest representations of his family and most intimate friends, had consented to the recall of that incendiary from banishment*, excepting only his

* Bolinbroke at his return could not avoid waiting on sir Robert to thank him, and was invited to dine with him at Chelsea; but whether tortured at witnessing Walpole's serene frankness and felicity, or suffocated with indignation

re-admission into the house of lords, that every field of annoyance might not be open to his mischievous turbulence. Bolinbroke, it seems, deemed an embargo laid on his tongue would warrant his hand to launch every envenomed shaft against his benefactor, who by restricting had paid him the compliment of avowing that his eloquence was not totally inoffensive. Craftsmen, pamphlets, libels, combinations, were showered on or employed for years against the prime-minister, without shaking his power or ruffling his temper: and Bolinbroke had the mortification of finding his rival had abilities to maintain his influence against the * mistresses of two kings, with whom his antagonist had plotted in vain to overturn him.

and confusion at being forced to be obliged to one whom he hated and envied, the first morsel he put into his mouth was near choking him, and he was reduced to rise from table and leave the room for some minutes. I never heard of their meeting more.

* George II. parted with lady Suffolk, on princess Amelia informing queen Caroline from Bath that the mistress had interviews there with lord Bolinbroke. Lady Suffolk, above twenty years after, protested to me that she had not once seen his lordship there; and I should believe she did not, for she was a woman of truth: but her great intimacy and connexion with Pope and Swift, the intimate friends of Bolinbroke, even before the death of George I. and her being the channel through whom that faction had flattered themselves they should gain the ear of the new king, can leave no doubt of lady Suffolk's support of that party. Her dearest friend to her death was William afterwards lord Chetwynd, the known and most trusted confidant of lord Bolinbroke. Of those political intrigues I shall say more in these Reminiscences.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE the first, while electoral prince, had married his cousin the princess Dorothea*, only child of the duke of Zell; a match of convenience to reunite the dominions of the family. Though she was very handsome, the prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the confederates, probably disposed the princess to indulge some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful count Konismark†, the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly; and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatized a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions the next day. The princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently ene-

* Her names were Sophia Dorothea; but I call her by the latter, to distinguish her from the princess Sophia, her mother-in-law, on whom the crown of Great Britain was settled.

† Konismark behaved with great intrepidity, and was wounded at a bull-feast in Spain. See Letters from Spain of the comtesse Danois, vol. ii. He was brother of the beautiful comtesse de Konismark, mistress of Augustus the second, king of Poland.

mies of the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bed-chamber the next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared; nor was it known what became of him, till on the death of George I., on his son the new king's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Konismark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room—the count having probably been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body secreted. The discovery was hushed up; George II. entrusted the secret to his wife queen Caroline, who told it to my father: but the king was too tender of the honour of his mother to utter it to his mistress; nor did lady Suffolk ever hear of it, till I informed her of it several years afterwards. The disappearance of the count made his murder suspected, and various reports of the discovery of his body have of late years been spread, but not with the authentic circumstances.

The second George loved his mother as much as he hated his father, and purposed, as was said, had the former survived, to have brought her over and declared her queen-dowager*. Lady Suffolk has

* Lady Suffolk thought he rather would have made her regent of Hanover; and she also told me, that George I. had offered to live again with his wife, but she refused, unless her pardon were asked publicly. She said, what most affected her was the disgrace that would be brought on her children; and if she were only pardoned, that would not remove it. Lady Suffolk thought she was then divorced, though the divorce was never published; and that the old elector consented to his son's marrying the duchess

told me her surprise, on going to the new queen the morning after the news arrived of the death of George I. at seeing hung up in the queen's dressing-room a whole length of a lady in royal robes ; and in the bed-chamber a half length of the same person, neither of which lady Suffolk had ever seen before. The prince had kept them concealed, not daring to produce them during the life of his father. The whole length he probably sent to Hanover* ; the half length I have frequently and frequently seen in the library of princess Amelia, who told me it was the portrait of her grandmother. She bequeathed it, with other pictures of her family, to her nephew, the landgrave of Hesse.

Of the circumstances that ensued on Konismark's disappearance I am ignorant ; nor am I acquainted with the laws of Germany relative to divorce or

of Kendal with the left hand—but it seems strange that George I. should offer to live again with his wife, and yet be divorced from her. Perhaps George II., to vindicate his mother, supposed that offer and her spirited refusal.

* George II. was scrupulously exact in separating and keeping in each country whatever belonged to England or Hanover. Lady Suffolk told me, that on his accession he could not find a knife, fork, and spoon of gold which had belonged to queen Anne, and which he remembered to have seen here at his first arrival. He found them at Hanover on his first journey thither after he came to the crown, and brought them back to England. He could not recollect much of greater value ; for on queen Anne's death, and in the interval before the arrival of the new family, such a clearance had been made of her majesty's jewels, or the new king so instantly distributed what he found amongst his German favourites, that, as lady S. told me, queen Caroline never obtained of the late queen's jewels but one pearl-necklace.

separation : nor do I know or suppose that despotism and pride allow the law to insist on much formality when a sovereign has reason or a mind to get rid of his wife. Perhaps too much difficulty of untying the Gordian knot of matrimony thrown in the way of an absolute prince would be no kindness to the ladies, but might prompt him to use a sharper weapon, like that butchering husband our Henry VIII. Sovereigns, who narrow or let out the law of God according to their prejudices and passions, mould their own laws no doubt to the standard of their convenience. Genealogic purity of blood is the predominant folly of Germany ; and the code of Malta seems to have more force in the empire than the ten commandments. Thence was introduced that most absurd evasion of the indissolubility of marriage, espousals with the left hand—as if the Almighty had restrained his ordinance to one half of a man's person, and allowed a greater latitude to his left side than to his right, or pronounced the former more ignoble than the latter. The consciences both of princely and noble persons in Germany are quieted, if the more plebeian side is married to one who would degrade the more illustrious moiety—but, as if the laws of matrimony had no reference to the children to be thence propagated, the children of a left-handed alliance are not entitled to inherit.—Shocking consequence of a senseless equivocation, that only satisfies pride, not justice ; and calculated for an acquittal at the herald's office, not at the last tribunal.

Separated the princess Dorothea certainly was, and never admitted even to the nominal honours of her rank, being thenceforward always styled duchess

of Halle. Whether divorced is problematic, at least to me; nor can I pronounce, as, though it was generally believed, I am not certain that George espoused the duchess of Kendal with his left hand. As the princess Dorothea died only some months before him, that ridiculous ceremony was scarcely deferred till then; and the extreme outward devotion of the duchess, who every Sunday went seven times to Lutheran chapels, seemed to announce a legalized wife. As the genuine wife was always detained in her husband's power, he seems not to have wholly dissolved their union; for, on the approach of the French army towards Hanover, during queen Anne's reign, the duchess of Halle was sent home to her father and mother, who doted on their only child, and did retain her for a whole year, and did implore, though in vain, that she might continue to reside with them. As her son too, George II., had thoughts of bringing her over and declaring her queen dowager, one can hardly believe that a ceremonial divorce had passed, the existence of which process would have glared in the face of her royalty. But though German casuistry might allow her husband to take another wife with his left hand, because his legal wife had suffered her right hand to be kissed in bed by a gallant, even Westphalian or Aulic counsellors could not have pronounced that such a momentary adieu constituted adultery; and therefore of a formal divorce I must doubt—and there I must leave that case of conscience undecided, till future search into the Hanoverian chancery shall clear up a point of little real importance.

I have said that the disgraced princess died but a short time before the king. It is known that in

queen Anne's time there was much noise about French prophets. A female of that vocation (for we know from Scripture that the gift of prophecy is not limited to one gender) warned George the first to take care of his wife, as he would not survive her a year. That oracle was probably dictated to the French Deborah by the duke and duchess of Zell, who might be apprehensive lest the duchess of Kendal should be tempted to remove entirely the obstacle to her conscientious union with their son-in-law. Most Germans are superstitious, even such as have few other impressions of religion. George gave such credit to the denunciation, that on the eve of his last departure he took leave of his son and the princess of Wales with tears, telling them he should never see them more. It was certainly his own approaching fate that melted him, not the thought of quitting for ever two persons he hated. He did sometimes so much justice to his son as to say, "Il est fougueux, mais il a de l'honneur."—For queen Caroline, to his confidants he termed her *cette diablesse madame la princesse*.

I do not know whether it was about the same period, that in a tender mood he promised the duchess of Kendal, that if she survived him, and it were possible for the departed to return to this world, he would make her a visit. The duchess on his death so much expected the accomplishment of that engagement, that a large raven, or some black fowl, flying into one of the windows of her villa at Isleworth, she was persuaded it was the soul of her departed monarch so accoutred, and received and treated it with all the respect and

tenderness of duty, till the royal bird or she took their last flight.

George II., no more addicted than his father to too much religious credulity, had yet implicit faith in the German notion of vampires, and has more than once been angry with my father for speaking irreverently of those imaginary bloodsuckers.

The duchess of Kendal, of whom I have said so much, was, when mademoiselle Schulemberg, maid of honour to the electress Sophia, mother of king George I., and destined by king William and the act of settlement to succeed queen Anne. George fell in love with mademoiselle Schulemberg, though by no means an inviting object—so little, that one evening when she was in waiting behind the electress's chair at a ball, the princess Sophia, who had made herself mistress of the language of her future subjects, said in English to Mrs. Howard (afterwards countess of Suffolk), then at her court, "Look at that mawkin, and think of her being my son's passion!" Mrs. Howard, who told me the story, protested she was terrified, forgetting that mademoiselle Schulemberg did not understand English.

The younger mademoiselle Schulemberg, who came over with her and was created countess of Walsingham, passed for her niece; but was so like to the king, that it is not very credible that the duchess, who had affected to pass for cruel, had waited for the left-handed marriage.

The duchess, under whatever denomination, had attained and preserved to the last her ascendant over the king: but notwithstanding that influence,

he was not more constant to her than he had been to his avowed wife ; for another acknowledged mistress, whom he also brought over, was madam Kilmansegge, countess of Platen, who was created countess of Darlington, and by whom he was indisputably father of Charlotte, married to lord viscount Howe, and mother of the present earl. Lady Howe was never publicly acknowledged as the king's daughter ; but princess Amelia treated her daughter Mrs. Howe* upon that foot, and one evening when I was present, gave her a ring with a small portrait of George I. with a crown of diamonds.

Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the duchess was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling beneath two lofty arched eye-brows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a seraglio ! They were food for all the venom of the Jacobites ; and indeed nothing could be grosser than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuse, against the sovereign and the new court, and chanted even in their hearing about the public streets.†

* Caroline, the eldest of lady Howe's children, had married a gentleman of her own name, John Howe, esq. of Hanslop, in the county of Bucks.

† One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried

On the other hand, it was not till the last year or two of his reign that their foreign sovereign paid the nation the compliment of taking openly an English mistress. That personage was Anne Brett, eldest daughter by her second husband of the repudiated wife of the earl of Macclesfield, the unnatural mother of Savage the poet. Miss Brett was very handsome, but dark enough by her eyes, complexion, and hair, for a Spanish beauty. Abishag was lodged in the palace under the eyes of Bathsheba, who seemed to maintain her power, as other favourite sultanas have done, by suffering partners in the sovereign's affections. When his majesty should return to England, a countess's coronet was to have rewarded the young lady's compliance, and marked her secondary rank. She might, however, have proved a troublesome rival, as she seemed so confident of the power of her charms, that, whatever predominant ascendant the duchess might retain, her own authority in the palace she thought was to yield to no one else. George the first, when his son the prince of Wales and the princess had quitted St. James's on their quarrel with him, had kept back their three eldest daughters, who lived with him to his death, even after there had outwardly been a reconciliation between the king and prince. Miss Brett, when the king set out, ordered

in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods." "Yes, damn ye," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too." I mention this, because on the death of princess Amelia, the newspapers revived the story and told it of her, though I had heard it three-score years before of one of her grandfather's mistresses.

a door to be broken out of her apartment into the royal garden. Anne, the eldest of the princesses, offended at that freedom, and not choosing such a companion in her walks, ordered the door to be walled up again. Miss Brett as imperiously reversed that command. The king died suddenly, and the empire of the new mistress and her promised coronet vanished. She afterwards married sir William Leman, and was forgotten before her reign had transpired beyond the confines of Westminster!

CHAPTER III,

ONE of the most remarkable occurrences in the reign of George the first was the open quarrel between him and his son the prince of Wales. Whence the dissension originated; whether the prince's attachment to his mother embittered his mind against his father, or whether hatred of his father occasioned his devotion to her, I do not pretend to know. I do suspect from circumstances, that the hereditary enmity in the house of Brunswic between the parents and their eldest sons dated earlier than the divisions between the first two Georges. The princess Sophia was a woman of parts and great vivacity: in the earlier part of her life she had professed much zeal for the deposed house of Stuart, as appeared by a letter of her's in print, addressed, I think, to the chevalier de St. George. It is natural enough for all princes, who have no prospect of being benefited by the deposition of a crowned head, to choose to think roy-

alty an indelible character. The queen of Prussia, daughter of George the first, lived and died an avowed Jacobite. The princess Sophia, youngest child of the queen of Bohemia, was consequently the most remote from any pretensions to the British crown * — but no sooner had king William procured a settlement of it after queen Anne on her electoral highness, than nobody became a stancher Whig than the princess Sophia, nor could be more impatient to mount the throne of the expelled Stuarts. It is certain that during the reign of Anne, the elector George was inclined to the Tories; though after his mother's death and his own accession he gave himself to the opposite party. But if he and his mother espoused different factions, Sophia found a ready partisan in her grandson the electoral prince; † and it is true, that the demand made by the prince of his writ of summons to the house of lords as duke of Cambridge, which no wonder was so offensive to queen Anne, was made in concert with his grandmother, without the privity of the elector his father. Were it certain, as was believed, that Bolinbroke and the Ja-

* It is remarkable, that either the weak propensity of the Stuarts to popery, or the visible connection between regal and ecclesiastic power, had such operation on many of the branches of that family, who were at a distance from the crown of England, to wear which it is necessary to be a protestant, that two or three of the daughters of the king and queen of Bohemia, though their parents had lost every thing in the struggle between the two religions, turned Roman catholics; and so did one or more of the sons of the princess Sophia, brothers of the protestant candidate, George the first.

† Afterwards George the second.

cobites prevailed on the queen * to consent to her brother coming secretly to England, and to seeing him in her closet ; she might have been induced to that step, when provoked by an attempt to force a distant and foreign heir upon her while still alive.

The queen and her heiress being dead, the new king and his son came over in apparent harmony ; and on his majesty's first visit to his electoral dominions, the prince of Wales was even left regent ; but never being trusted afterwards with that dignity on like occasions, it is probable that the son discovered too much fondness for acting the king, or that the father conceived a jealousy of his having done so. Sure it is, that on the king's return great divisions arose in the court ; and the Whigs were divided—some devoting themselves to the wearer of the crown, and others to the expectant. I shall not enter into the detail of those squabbles, of which I am but superficially informed. The predominant ministers were the earls of Sunderland and Stanhope. The brothers-in-law, the viscount Townshend and Mr. Robert Walpole, adhered to the prince. Lord Sunderland is said to have too much resembled as a politician the earl his father, who was so principal an actor in the reign of James the second, and in bringing about the revolution. Be-

* I believe it was a fact, that the poor weak queen, being disposed even to cede the crown to her brother, consulted bishop Wilkins, called the Prophet, to know what would be the consequence of such a step. He replied, "Madam, you would be in the Tower in a month, and dead in three." This sentence, dictated by common sense, her majesty took for inspiration, and dropped all thoughts of resigning the crown.

tween the earl in question and the prince of Wales grew mortal antipathy ; of which an anecdote told to me by my father himself will leave no doubt. When a reconciliation had been patched up between the two courts, and my father became first lord of the treasury a second time, lord Sunderland in a *tête-à-tête* with him said, “ Well, Mr. Walpole, we have settled matters for the present ; but we must think whom we will have next ” (meaning in case of the king’s demise). Walpole replied, “ Your lordship may think as you please, but my part is taken ; ” meaning to support the established settlement.

Earl Stanhope was a man of strong and violent passions, and had dedicated himself to the army ; and was so far from thinking of any other line, that when Walpole, who first suggested the idea of appointing him secretary of state, proposed it to him, he flew into a furious rage, and was on the point of a downright quarrel, looking on himself as totally unqualified for the post, and suspecting it for a plan of mocking him. He died in one of those tempestuous sallies, being pushed in the house of lords on the explosion of the South Sea scheme. That iniquitous affair, which Walpole had early exposed, and to remedy the mischiefs of which he alone was deemed adequate, had replaced him at the head of affairs, and obliged Sunderland to submit to be only a coadjutor of the administration. The younger Craggs *, a showy vapouring man, had been brought forward by the ministers to oppose Walpole ; but

* James Craggs, jun. buried in Westminster-abbey, with an epitaph by Pope.

was soon reduced to beg his assistance on one * of their ways and means. Craggs caught his death by calling at the gate of lady March †, who was ill of the small-pox; and being told so by the porter, went home directly, fell ill of the same distemper, and died. His father, the elder Craggs, whose very good sense sir R. Walpole much admired, soon followed his son, and his sudden death was imputed to grief; but having been deeply dipped in the iniquities of the South Sea, and wishing to prevent confiscation and save his ill-acquired wealth for his daughters, there was no doubt of his having dispatched himself. When his death was divulged, sir Robert owned that the unhappy man had in an oblique manner hinted his resolution to him.

The reconciliation of the royal family was so little cordial, that I question whether the prince did not resent sir Robert Walpole's return to the king's service. Yet had Walpole defeated a plan of Sunderland that would in futurity have exceedingly hampered the successor, as it was calculated to do; nor do I affect to ascribe sir Robert's victory directly to zeal for the prince: personal and just views prompted his opposition, and the commoners of England were not less indebted to him than the prince. Sunderland had devised a bill to restrain the crown from ever adding above six peers to a number limited. ‡ The actual peers were far from

* I think it was the sixpenny tax on offices.

† Sarah Cadogan, afterwards duchess of Richmond.

‡ Queen Anne's creation of twelve peers at once, to obtain a majority in the house of lords, offered an ostensible plea for the restriction.

disliking the measure ; but Walpole, taking fire, instantly communicated his dissatisfaction to all the great commoners, who might for ever be excluded from the peerage. He spoke, he wrote, he persuaded, and the bill was rejected by the commons with disdain, after it had passed the house of lords.

But the hatred of some of the junto at court had gone farther, horridly farther. On the death of George the first, queen Caroline found in his cabinet a proposal of the earl of Berkeley,* then, I think, first lord of the admiralty, to seize the prince of Wales, and convey him to America, whence he should never be heard of more. This detestable project, copied probably from the earl of Falmouth's offer to Charles the second with regard to his queen, was in the hand-writing of Charles Stanhope, elder brother of the earl of Harrington :† and so deep was the impression deservedly made on the mind of George the second by that abominable paper, that all the favour of lord Harrington, when secretary of state, could never obtain the smallest boon to his brother, though but the subordinate transcriber. George the first was too humane to listen to such an atrocious deed. It was not very kind to the conspirators to leave such an instrument behind him ;—and if virtue and conscience will not check bold bad men from paying court by detestable offers, the king's carelessness

* James Berkeley, earl of Berkeley, knight of the garter, &c.

† William Stanhope, first earl of Harrington of that family.

or indifference in such an instance ought to warn them of the little gratitude that such machinations can inspire or expect.

Among those who had preferred the service of the king to that of the heir apparent, was the duke of Newcastle; * who, having married his sister to lord Townshend, both his royal highness and the viscount had expected would have adhered to that connection — and neither forgave his desertion. — I am aware of the desultory manner in which I have told my story, having mentioned the reconciliation of the king and prince before I have given any account of their public rupture. The chain of my thoughts led me into the preceding details, and, if I do not flatter myself, will have let you into the motives of my *dramatis personæ* better than if I had more exactly observed chronology; and as I am not writing a regular tragedy, and profess but to relate facts as I recollect them; or (if you will allow me to imitate French writers of tragedy), may I not plead that I have unfolded my piece as they do, by introducing two courtiers to acquaint one another, and by *bricole* the audience, with what had passed in the *penetralia* before the tragedy commences?

The exordium thus duly prepared, you must suppose, ladies, that the second act opens with a royal christening. The princess of Wales had been delivered of a second son. The prince had intended

* Thomas Holles Pelham, duke of Newcastle, lord chamberlain, then secretary of state, and lastly first lord of the treasury under George the second; the same king to whom he had been so obnoxious in the preceding reign. He was obliged by George the third to resign his post.

his uncle the duke of York, bishop of Osnaburg, should with his majesty be godfathers. Nothing could equal the indignation of his royal highness when the king named the duke of Newcastle for second sponsor, and would hear of no other. The christening took place as usual in the princess's bed-chamber. Lady Suffolk, then in waiting as woman of the bed-chamber, and of most accurate memory, painted the scene to me exactly. On one side of the bed stood the godfathers and godmother; on the other the prince, and the princess's ladies. No sooner had the bishop closed the ceremony, than the prince, crossing the feet of the bed in a rage, stepped up to the duke of Newcastle, and, holding up his hand and fore-finger in a menacing attitude, said, "You are a rascal, but I shall find you;" meaning, in broken English, "I shall find a time to be revenged."—"What was my astonishment," continued lady Suffolk, "when going to the princess's apartment the next morning, the yeomen in the guard-chamber pointed their halberds at my breast, and told me I must not pass! I urged that it was my duty to attend the princess. They said, 'No matter; I must not pass that way.'"

In one word, the king had been so provoked at the prince's outrage in his presence, that it had been determined to inflict a still greater insult on his royal highness. His threat to the duke was pretended to be understood as a challenge; and to prevent a duel he had actually been put under arrest—as if a prince of Wales could stoop to fight with a subject. The arrest was soon taken off; but at night the prince and princess were ordered to leave the palace, and retired to the house of her

chamberlain, the earl of Grantham, in Albemarle-street.

CHAPTER IV.

As this trifling work is a miscellany of detached recollections, I will, ere I quit the article of George the first, mention two subjects of very unequal import, which belong peculiarly to *his* reign. The first was the deprivation of Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. Nothing more offensive to men of priestly principles could easily have happened: yet, as in a country of which the constitution was founded on rational and liberal grounds, and where thinking men had so recently exerted themselves to explode the prejudices attached to the persons of kings and churchmen, it was impossible to defend the bishop's treason, but by denying it; or to condemn his condemnation, but by supposing illegalities in the process: both were vehemently urged by his faction, as his innocence was pleaded by himself. That punishment and expulsion from his country may stagger the virtue even of a good man, and exasperate him against his country, is perhaps natural, and humanity ought to pity it. But whatever were the prepossessions of his friends in his favour, charity must now believe that Atterbury was always an ambitious turbulent priest, attached to the house of Stuart, and consequently no friend to the civil and religious liberties of his country: or it must be acknowledged, that the disappointment of his ambition by the queen's death, and the proscription of his ministerial associates, had driven

on attempts to restore the expelled family in hopes of realizing his aspiring views. His letters published by Nichols breathe the impetuous spirit of his youth. His exclamation on the queen's death, when he offered to proclaim the pretender at Charing-cross in pontificalibus, and swore, on not being supported, that there was the best cause in England lost for want of spirit, is now believed also. His papers, deposited with king James's in the Scottish college at Paris, proclaimed in what sentiments he died; and the fac-similes of his letters published by sir David Dalrymple leave no doubt of his having in his exile entered into the service of the pretender. Culpable as he was, who but must lament that so classic a mind had only assumed so elegant and amiable a semblance as he adopted after the disappointment of his prospects and hopes? His letter in defence of the authenticity of lord Clarendon's history, is one of the most beautiful and touching specimens of eloquence in our language.

It was not to load the character of the bishop, nor to affect candour by applauding his talents, that I introduced mention of him; much less to impute to him any consciousness of the intended crime that I am going to relate. The person against whom the blow was supposed to be meditated never in the most distant manner suspected the bishop of being privy to the plot—No: animosity of parties, and malevolence to the champions of the house of Brunswic, no doubt suggested to some blind zealots the perpetration of a crime, which would necessarily have injured the bishop's cause, and could by no means have prevented his disgrace.

Mr. Johnstone, an ancient gentleman, who had

been secretary of state for Scotland, his country, in the reign of king William, was a zealous friend of my father, sir Robert, and who, in that period of assassination plots, had imbibed such a tincture of suspicion, that he was continually notifying similar machinations to my father, and warning him to be on his guard against them. Sir Robert, intrepid and unsuspicious*, used to rally his good monitor; and, when serious, told him, that his life was too constantly exposed to his enemies to make it of any use to be watchful on any particular

* At the time of the Preston rebellion, a Jacobite, who sometimes furnished sir Robert with intelligence, sitting alone with him one night, suddenly putting his hand into his bosom and rising, said, "Why do not I kill you now?" Walpole starting up, replied, "Because I am a younger man and a stronger." They sat down again and discussed the person's information. But sir Robert afterwards had reasons for thinking that the spy had no intention of assassination, but had hoped, by intimidating, to extort money from him. Yet if no real attempt was made on his life, it was not from want of suggestions to it. One of the weekly journals pointed out sir Robert's frequent passing Putney-bridge late at night, attended but by one or two servants, on his way to New Park, as a proper place: and after sir Robert's death, the second earl of Egmont told me, that he was once at a consultation of the opposition, in which it was proposed to have sir Robert murdered by a mob, of which the earl had declared his abhorrence. Such an attempt was actually made in 1733, at the time of the famous excise-bill. As the minister descended the stairs of the house of commons on the night he carried the bill, he was guarded on one side by his second son Edward, and on the other by general Charles Churchill; but the crowd behind endeavoured to throw him down, as he was a bulky man, and trample him to death; and that not succeeding, they tried to strangle him by pulling his red cloak tight—but fortunately the strings broke by the violence of the tug.

occasion ; nor, though Johnstone often hurried to him with intelligence of such designs, did he ever see reason, but once, to believe in the soundness of the information. That *once* arrived thus : A day or two before the bill of pains and penalties was to pass the house of commons against the bishop of Rochester, Mr. Johnstone advertised sir Robert to be circumspect ; for three or four persons meditated to assassinate him as he should leave the house at night. Sir Robert laughed, and forgot the notice. The morning after the debate, Johnstone came to sir Robert with a kind of good-natured insult, telling him, that though he had scoffed his advice, he had for once followed it, and by so doing preserved his life. Sir Robert understood not what he meant, and protested he had not given more credit than usual to his warning. “ Yes,” said Johnstone, “ but you did ; for you did not come from the house last night in your own chariot.” Walpole affirmed that he did. But his friend persisting in his asseveration, sir Robert called one of his footmen, who replied, “ I did call up your honour’s carriage ; but colonel Churchill being with you, and his chariot driving up first, your honour stepped into that, and your own came home empty.” Johnstone, triumphing on his own veracity, and pushing the examination farther, sir Robert’s coachman recollected, that as he left Palace-yard three men much muffled had looked into the empty chariot. The mystery was never farther cleared up ; and my father frequently said, it was the only instance of the kind in which he had ever seen any appearance of a real design.

The second subject that I promised to mention,

and it shall be very briefly, was the revival of the order of the Bath. It was the measure of sir Robert Walpole, and was an artful bank of thirty-six ribbands to supply a fund of favours in lieu of places. He meant too to stave off the demands for garters, and intended that the red should be a step to the blue ; and accordingly took one of the former himself. He offered the new order to old Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, for her grandson the duke, and for the duke of Bedford, who had married one of her grand-daughters *. She haughtily replied, they should take nothing but the garter. " Madam," said sir Robert coolly, " they who take the bath will the sooner have the garter." The next year he took the latter himself with the duke of Richmond, both having been previously installed knights of the revived institution.

Before I quit king George the first, I will relate a story very expressive of his good-humoured presence of mind.

On one of his journeys to Hanover his coach broke. At a distance in view was a chateau of a considerable German nobleman. The king sent to borrow assistance. The possessor came, conveyed the king to his house, and begged the honour of his majesty's accepting a dinner, while his carriage was repairing ; and, while the dinner was preparing, begged leave to amuse his majesty with a collection of pictures, which he had formed in several tours to Italy. But what did the king see in one of the

* Wriothesly, duke of Bedford, had married lady Anne Egerton, only daughter of Scroop, duke of Bridgewater, by lady Elizabeth Churchill, daughter of John, duke of Marlborough.

rooms but an unknown portrait of a person in the robes and with the regalia of the sovereigns of Great Britain! George asked whom it represented. The nobleman replied, with much diffident but decent respect, that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with the chevalier de St. George, who had done him the honour of sending him that picture. "Upon my word," said the king instantly, "it is very like to the family." It was impossible to remove the embarrassment of the proprietor with more good breeding.

CHAPTER V.

THE unexpected death of George the first on his road to Hanover was instantly notified by lord Townshend, secretary of state, who attended his majesty, to his brother sir Robert Walpole, who as expeditiously was the first to carry the news to the successor and hail him king. The next step was, to ask who his majesty would please should draw his speech to the council—"Sir Spencer Compton," replied the new monarch.—The answer was decisive—and implied sir Robert's dismissal. Sir Spencer Compton was speaker of the house of commons, and treasurer, I think, at that time, to his royal highness, who by that first command implied his intention of making sir Spencer his prime minister. He was a worthy man, of exceedingly grave formality, but of no parts—as his conduct immediately proved. The poor gentleman was so little qualified to accommodate himself to the grandeur

of the moment, and to conceive how a new sovereign should address himself to his ministers, and he had also been so far from meditating to supplant the premier,* that in his distress it was to sir Robert himself he had recourse, and whom he besought to make the draught of the king's speech for him. The new queen, a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two candidates, and who had silently watched for a moment proper for overturning the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the king how prejudicial it would be to his affairs, to prefer to the minister in possession a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute his office. From that moment there was no more question of sir Spencer Compton as prime minister. He was created an earl, soon received the garter, and became president of that council, at the head of which he was much fitter to sit than to direct. Fourteen years afterwards he again was nominated by the same prince to replace sir Robert as first lord of the treasury, on the latter's forced resignation; but not as prime minister, the conduct of affairs being soon ravished from him by that dashing genius the earl of Granville, who reduced him to a cipher for the little year in which he survived, and in which his incapacity had been obvious.

* Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards earl of Wilmington, was so far from resenting sir Robert's superior talents, that he remained steadfastly attached to him; and when the famous motion for removing sir Robert was made in both houses, lord Wilmington, though confined to his bed, and with his head blistered, rose and went to the house of lords, to vote against a measure that avowed its own injustice, by being grounded only on popular clamour.

The queen, impatient to destroy all hopes of change, took the earliest opportunity of declaring her own sentiments. The instance I shall cite will be a true picture of courtiers. Their majesties had removed from Richmond to their temporary palace in Leicester-fields* on the very evening of their receiving notice of their accession to the crown; and the next day all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss their hands: my mother amongst the rest, who, sir Spencer Compton's designation, and not its evaporation, being known, could not make her way between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the queen than the third or fourth row:—but no sooner was she descried by her majesty, than the queen said aloud, “There I am sure I see a friend!”—The torrent divided and shrunk to either side; “and as I came away,” said my mother, “I might have walked over their heads, if I had pleased.”

The pre-occupation of the queen in favour of Walpole must be explained. He had early discovered, that in whatever gallantries George prince of Wales indulged or affected, even the *person* of his princess was dearer to him than any charms in his mistresses: and though Mrs. Howard (afterwards lady Suffolk) was openly his declared favourite, as avowedly as the duchess of Kendal was his father's, sir Robert's sagacity discerned that the

* It was the town residence of the Sidneys, earls of Leicester, of whom it was hired, as it was afterwards by Frederic, prince of Wales, on a similar quarrel with his father: he added to it Saville-house, belonging to sir George Saville, for his children.

power would be lodged with the wife, not with the mistress; and he not only devoted himself to the princess, but totally abstained from even visiting Mrs. Howard; while the injudicious multitude concluded, that the common consequences of an inconstant husband's passion for his concubine would follow; and accordingly warmer, if not public, vows were made to the supposed favourite than to the prince's consort. They especially, who in the late reign had been out of favour at court, had, to pave their future path to favour, and to secure the fall of sir Robert Walpole, sedulously, and no doubt zealously, dedicated themselves to the mistress: Bolinbroke secretly, his friend Swift openly, and as ambitiously, cultivated Mrs. Howard: and the neighbourhood of Pope's villa to Richmond facilitated their intercourse; though his religion forbade his entertaining views beyond those of serving his friends. Lord Bathurst, another of that connection, and lord Chesterfield, too early for his interest, founded their hopes on Mrs. Howard's influence; but astonished and disappointed at finding Walpole not shaken from his seat, they determined on an experiment that should be the touch-stone of Mrs. Howard's credit. They persuaded her to demand of the new king an earl's coronet for lord Bathurst—She did—the queen put in her veto—and Swift in despair returned to Ireland, to lament queen Anne and curse queen Caroline, under the mask of patriotism, in a country he abhorred and despised.

To Mrs. Howard Swift's ingratitude was base. *She* indubitably had not only exerted all her interest to second his and his faction's interests, but loved

queen Caroline and the minister as little as they did. Yet, when Swift died, he left behind him a character of Mrs. Howard by no means flattering, which was published in his posthumous works. On its appearance, Mrs. Howard (become lady Suffolk) said to me in her calm, dispassionate manner, "All I can say is, that it is very different from one that he drew of me and sent to me many years ago, and which I have, written by his own hand."

Lord Chesterfield, rather more ingenuous, as his character of her, but under a feigned name, was printed in his life, though in a paper of which he was not known to be the author, was not more consistent. Eudisia, described in the weekly journal called Common Sense, for September 10, 1737, was meant for lady Suffolk—yet was it no fault of hers that he was proscribed at court; nor did she perhaps ever know, as he never did till the year before his death, when I acquainted him with it by his friend sir John Irwin, why he had been put into the queen's Index expurgatorius. The queen had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one twelfth-night, at court, had won so large a sum of money, that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the queen inferred great intimacy; and thenceforwards lord Chesterfield could obtain no favour from court; and, finding himself desperate, went into opposition. My father himself long afterwards told me the story, and had become the principal object of the peer's satiric wit, though he had not been the

mover of his disgrace. The weight of that anger fell more disgracefully on the king, as I shall mention in the next chapter.

I will here interrupt the detail of what I have heard of the commencement of that reign, and farther anecdotes of the queen and the mistress, till I have related the second very memorable transaction of that æra; and which would come in awkwardly, if postponed till I have dispatched many subsequent particulars.

CHAPTER VI.

At the first council held by the new sovereign, Dr. Wake, archbishop of Canterbury, produced the will of the late king, and delivered it to the successor, expecting it would be opened and read in council. On the contrary, his majesty put it into his pocket, and stalked out of the room, without uttering a word on the subject. The poor prelate was thunderstruck, and had not the presence of mind or the courage to demand the testament's being opened, or at least to have it registered. No man present chose to be more hardy than the person to whom the deposit had been trusted — perhaps none of them immediately conceived the possible violation of so solemn an act so notoriously existent. Still, as the king never mentioned the will more, whispers only by degrees informed the public, that the will was burnt, at least that its injunctions were never fulfilled.

What the contents were was never ascertained.

Report said, that forty thousand pounds had been bequeathed to the duchess of Kendal; and more vague rumours spoke of a large legacy to the queen of Prussia, daughter of the late king. Of that bequest demands were afterwards said to have been frequently and roughly made by her son the great king of Prussia, between whom and his uncle subsisted much inveteracy.

The legacy to the duchess was some time after on the brink of coming to open and legal discussion. Lord Chesterfield marrying her niece and heiress, the countess of Walsingham, and resenting his own proscription at court, was believed to have instituted, or at least to have threatened, a suit for recovery of the legacy to the duchess, to which he was then become entitled: and it was as confidently believed that he was quieted by the payment of twenty thousand pounds.

But if the archbishop had too timidly betrayed the trust reposed in him from weakness and want of spirit, there were two other men who had no such plea of imbecility, and who, being independent and above being awed, basely sacrificed their honour and integrity for positive sordid gain. George the first had deposited duplicates of his will with two sovereign German princes—I will not specify them, because at this distance of time I do not perfectly recollect their titles; but I was actually some years ago shown a copy of a letter from one of our ambassadors abroad to a secretary of state at that period, in which the ambassador said, one of the princes in question would accept the proffered subsidy, and had delivered, or would deliver, the duplicate of the king's will. The other trustee was

no doubt as little conscientious and as corrupt.—It is pity the late king of Prussia did not learn their infamous treachery!

Discoursing once with lady Suffolk on that suppressed testament, she made the only plausible shadow of an excuse that could be made for George the second—She told me, that George the first had burnt two wills made in favour of his son. They were probably the wills of the duke and duchess of Zell; or one of them might be that of his mother, the princess Sophia.

The crime of the first George could only palliate, not justify, the criminality of the second; for the second did not punish the guilty, but the innocent. But bad precedents are always dangerous, and too likely to be copied.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL now resume the story of lady Suffolk, whose history, though she had none of that influence on the transactions of the cabinet that was expected, will still probably be more entertaining to two young ladies, than a magisterial detail of political events, the traces of which at least may be found in journals and brief chronicles of the times. The interior of courts, and the lesser features of history, are precisely those with which we are least acquainted, I mean of the age preceding our own. Such anecdotes are forgotten in the multiplicity of those that ensue, or reside only in the memory of idle old persons, or have not yet emerged into

publicity from the porte-feuilles of such garrulous Brantômes as myself. Trifling I will not call myself; for, while I have such charming disciples as you two to inform; and though acute or plodding politicians, for whom they are not meant, may condemn these pages; which is preferable, the labour of an historian who toils for fame and for applause from he knows not whom; or my careless commission to paper of perhaps insignificant passages that I remember, but penned for the amusement of a pair of such sensible and cultivated minds as I never met at so early an age, and whose fine eyes I do know will read me with candour, and allow me that mite of fame to which I aspire, their approbation of my endeavours to divert their evenings in the country? O Guicciardin! is posthumous renown so valuable as the satisfaction of reading these court-tales to the lovely B—ys?

Henrietta Hobart was daughter of sir Henry, and sister of sir John Hobart, knight of the bath on the revival of the order, and afterwards by her interest made a baron; and since created earl of Buckinghamshire.

She was first married to Mr. Howard, the younger brother of more than one earl of Suffolk; to which title he at last succeeded himself, and left a son by her, who was the last earl of that branch. She had but the slender fortune of an ancient baronet's daughter; and Mr. Howard's circumstances were the reverse of opulent. It was the close of queen Anne's reign: the young couple saw no step more prudent than to resort to Hanover, and endeavour to ingratiate themselves with the future sovereigns of England. Still so narrow was their fortune, that

Mr. Howard finding it expedient to give a dinner to the Hanoverian ministers, Mrs. Howard is said to have sacrificed her beautiful head of hair to pay for the expense. It must be recollected, that at that period were in fashion those enormous full-bottomed wigs which often cost twenty and thirty guineas. Mrs. Howard was extremely acceptable to the intelligent princess Sophia—but did not at that time make farther impression on the electoral prince, than on his father's succession to the crown to be appointed one of the bedchamber-women to the new princess of Wales.

The elder Whig politicians became ministers to the king. The most promising of the young lords and gentlemen of that party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court of the prince and princess of Wales. The apartment of the bedchamber-woman in waiting became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties. Lord Chesterfield, then lord Stanhope, lord Scarborough, Carr lord Hervey, elder brother of the more known John lord Hervey, and reckoned to have superior parts, general (at that time only colonel) Charles Churchill, and others not necessary to rehearse, were constant attendants: miss Lepelle, afterwards lady Hervey, my mother, lady Walpole, Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous George, and herself of much vivacity and pretty, Mrs. Howard, and above all for universal admiration, miss Bellenden, one of the maids of honour. Her face and person were charming; lively she was almost to etourderie; and so agreeable she was, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries who did

not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew. The prince frequented the waiting-room, and soon felt a stronger inclination for her than he ever entertained but for his princess. Miss Bellenden by no means felt a reciprocal passion. The prince's gallantry was by no means delicate; and his avarice disgusted her. One evening sitting by her, he took out his purse and counted his money. He repeated the numeration: the giddy Bellenden lost her patience, and cried out, "Sir, I cannot bear it! if you count your money any more I will go out of the room." The chink of the gold did not tempt her more than the person of his royal highness. In fact, her heart was engaged; and so the prince, finding his love fruitless, suspected. He was even so generous as to promise her, that if she would discover the object of her choice, and would engage not to marry without his privity, he would consent to the match, and would be kind to her husband. She gave him the promise he exacted, but without acknowledging the person; and then, lest his highness should throw any obstacle in the way, married, without his knowledge, colonel Campbell, one of the grooms of his bed-chamber, and who long afterwards succeeded to the title of Argyle at the death of duke Archibald. The prince never forgave the breach of her word; and whenever she went to the drawing-room, as from her husband's situation she was sometimes obliged to do, though trembling at what she knew she was to undergo, the prince always stepped up to her, and whispered some very harsh reproach in her ear. Mrs. Howard was the intimate friend of miss Bellenden, had been the confidante of the

prince's passion, and, on Mrs. Campbell's eclipse, succeeded to her friend's post of favourite—but not to her resistance.

From the steady decorum of Mrs. Howard, I should conclude that she would have preferred the advantages of her situation to the ostentatious eclat of it: but many obstacles stood in the way of total concealment; nor do I suppose that love had any share in the sacrifice she made of her virtue. She had felt poverty, and was far from disliking power. Mr. Howard was probably as little agreeable to her as he proved worthless. The king, though very amorous, was certainly more attracted by a silly idea he had entertained of gallantry being becoming, than by a love of variety; and he added the more egregious folly of fancying that inconstancy proved he was not governed: but so awkwardly did he manage that artifice, that it but demonstrated more clearly the influence of the queen. With such a disposition, secrecy would by no means have answered his majesty's views: yet the publicity of the intrigue was especially owing to Mr. Howard, who, far from ceding his wife quietly, went one night into the quadrangle of St. James's, and vociferously demanded her to be restored to him before the guards and other audience. Being thrust out, he sent a letter to her by the archbishop of Canterbury, reclaiming her, and the archbishop by *his* instructions consigned the summons to the queen, who had the malicious pleasure of delivering the letter to her rival.

Such intemperate proceedings by no means invited the new mistress to leave the asylum of St. James's. She was safe while under the royal roof:

even after the rupture between the king and prince (for the affair commenced in the reign of the first George), and though the prince, on quitting St. James's, resided in a private house, it was too serious an enterprise to attempt to take his wife by force out of the palace of the prince of Wales. The case was altered, when, on the arrival of summer, their royal highnesses were to remove to Richmond. Being only woman of the bedchamber, etiquette did not allow Mrs. Howard the entrée of the coach with the princess. She apprehended that Mr. Howard might seize her on the road. To baffle such an attempt, her friends, John duke of Argyle, and his brother, the earl of Ilay, called her in the coach of one of them by eight o'clock in the morning of the day, at noon of which the prince and princess were to remove, and lodged her safely in their house at Richmond. During the summer a negotiation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour and the possession of his wife for a pension of twelve hundred a-year.

These now little-known anecdotes of Mr. Howard's behaviour I received between twenty and thirty years afterwards from the mouth of lady Suffolk herself. She had left the court about the year 1735, and passed her summers at her villa of Marble-hill at Twickenham, living very retired both there and in London. I purchased Strawberry-hill in 1747; and being much acquainted with the houses of Dorset, Vere, and others of lady Suffolk's intimates, was become known to her; though she and my father had been at the head of two such hostile factions at court. Becoming neighbours, and both, after her second husband's death, living single and

alone, our acquaintance turned to intimacy. She was extremely deaf, and consequently had more satisfaction in narrating than in listening; her memory both of remote and of the most recent facts was correct beyond belief. I, like you, was indulgent to, and fond of old anecdotes. Each of us knew different parts of many court-stories, and each was eager to learn what either could relate more; and thus, by comparing notes, we sometimes could make out discoveries of a third circumstance*, before unknown to both. Those evenings, and I had many of them in autumnal nights, were extremely agreeable; and if this chain of minutiae proves so to you, you owe perhaps to those conversations the fidelity of my memory, which those repetitions recalled and stamped so lastingly.

In this narrative will it be unwelcome to you, if I subjoin a faithful portrait of the heroine of this part? Lady Suffolk was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair; was remarkably genteel, and always well dressed with taste and simplicity. Those were her personal charms, for her face was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful; and those charms she retained with little diminution to her death at the age of 79. Her mental qualifications were by no means shining; her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild. Her strict love of truth and her accurate memory were

* The same thing has happened to me by books. A passage lately read has recalled some other formerly perused; and both together have opened to me, or cleared up some third fact, which neither separately would have expounded.

always in unison, and made her too circumstantial on trifles. She was discreet without being reserved; and having no bad qualities, and being constant to her connections, she preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life; and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour was always treated as if her virtue had never been questioned; her friends even affecting to suppose that her connection with the king had been confined to pure friendship.—Unfortunately, his majesty's passions were too indelicate to have been confined to Platonic love for a woman who was deaf*—sentiments he had expressed in a letter to the queen, who, however jealous of lady Suffolk, had latterly dreaded the king's contracting a new attachment to a younger rival, and had prevented lady Suffolk from leaving the court as early as she had wished to do. “I don't know,” said his majesty, “why you will not let me part with an old deaf woman, of whom I am weary.”

Her credit had always been extremely limited by the queen's superior influence, and by the devotion of the minister to her majesty. Except a barony,

* Lady Suffolk was early affected with deafness. Cheselden the surgeon, then in favour at court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned, he would try it; and, if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the man's pardon, who was cousin to Cheselden, who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation—and no more was heard of the experiment. The man saved his ear too—but Cheselden was disgraced at court.

a red riband, and a good place for her brother, lady Suffolk could succeed but in very subordinate recommendations. Her own acquisitions were so moderate, that, besides Marble-hill, which cost the king ten or twelve thousand pounds, her complaisance had not been too dearly purchased. She left the court with an income so little to be envied, that, though an economist and not expensive, by the lapse of some annuities on lives not so prolonged as her own, she found herself straitened; and, besides Marble-hill, did not at most leave twenty thousand pounds to her family. On quitting court, she married Mr. George Berkeley, and outlived him.

No established mistress of a sovereign ever enjoyed less of the brilliancy of the situation than lady Suffolk. Watched and thwarted by the queen, disclaimed by the minister, she owed to the dignity of her own behaviour, and to the contradiction of *their* enemies, the chief respect that was paid to her, and which but ill compensated for the slavery of her attendance, and the mortifications she endured. *She* was elegant; her lover the reverse, and most unentertaining, and void of confidence in her. His motions too were measured by etiquette and the clock. He visited her every evening at nine; but with such dull punctuality, that he frequently walked about his chamber for ten minutes with his watch in his hand, if the stated minute was not arrived.

But from the queen she tasted more positive vexations. Till she became countess of Suffolk, she constantly dressed the queen's head, who delighted in subjecting her to such servile offices,

though always apologizing to *her good Howard*. Often her majesty had more complete triumph. It happened more than once, that the king, coming into the room while the queen was dressing, has snatched off the handkerchief, and, turning rudely to Mrs. Howard, has cried, "Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the queen's."

It is certain that the king always preferred the queen's person to that of any other woman; nor ever described his idea of beauty, but he drew the picture of his wife.

Queen Caroline was said to have been very handsome at her marriage, soon after which she had the small-pox; but was little marked by it, and retained a most pleasing countenance. It was full of majesty or mildness as she pleased, and her penetrating eyes expressed whatever she had a mind they should. Her voice too was captivating, and her hands beautifully small, plump, and graceful. Her understanding was uncommonly strong; and so was her resolution. From their earliest connection she had determined to govern the king, and deserved to do so; for her submission to his will was unbounded, her sense much superior, and his honour and interest always took place of her own: so that her love of power, that was predominant, was dearly bought, and rarely ill employed. She was ambitious too of fame; but, shackled by her devotion to the king, she seldom could pursue that object. She wished to be a patroness of learned men: but George had no respect for them or their works; and her majesty's own taste was not very exquisite, nor did he allow her time to cultivate any studies. Her generosity would have dis-

played itself, for she valued money but as the instrument of her good purposes: but he stinted her alike in almost all her passions; and though she wished for nothing more than to be liberal, she bore the imputation of his avarice, as she did of others of his faults. Often, when she had made prudent and proper promises of preferment, and could not persuade the king to comply, she suffered the breach of word to fall on her, rather than reflect on him. Though his affection and confidence in her were implicit, he lived in dread of being supposed to be governed by her; and that silly parade was extended even to the most private moments of business with my father. Whenever he entered, the queen rose, curtsied, and retired, or offered to retire. Sometimes the king condescended to bid her stay—on both occasions she and sir Robert had previously settled the business to be discussed. Sometimes the king would quash the proposal in question, and yield after retalking it over with her—but then he boasted to sir Robert that he himself had better considered it.

One of the queen's delights was the improvement of the garden at Richmond; and the king believed she paid for all with her own money—nor would he ever look at her intended plans, saying he did not care how she flung away her own revenue. He little suspected the aids sir Robert furnished to her from the treasury. When she died, she was indebted twenty thousand pounds to the king.

Her learning I have said was superficial; her knowledge of languages as little accurate. The king, with a bluff Westphalian accent, spoke English correctly. The queen's chief study was di-

vinity; and she had rather weakened her faith than enlightened it. She was at least not orthodox; and her confidante lady Sundon, an absurd and pompous simpleton, swayed her countenance towards the less-believing clergy. The queen however was so sincere at her death, that when archbishop Potter was to administer the sacrament to her, she declined taking it, very few persons being in the room. When the prelate retired, the courtiers in the ante-room crowded round him, crying "My lord, has the queen received?" His grace artfully eluded the question, only saying most devoutly, "her majesty was in a heavenly disposition"—and the truth escaped the public.

She suffered more unjustly by declining to see her son, the prince of Wales, to whom she sent her blessing and forgiveness—but conceiving the extreme distress it would lay on the king, should he thus be forced to forgive so impenitent a son, or to banish him again if once recalled, she heroically preferred a meritorious husband to a worthless child.

The queen's greatest error was too high an opinion of her own address and art: she imagined that all who did not dare to contradict her, were imposed upon; and she had the additional weakness of thinking that she could play off many persons without being discovered. That mistaken humour, and at other times her hazarding very offensive truths, made her many enemies: and her duplicity in fomenting jealousies between the ministers, that each might be more dependent on herself, was no sound wisdom. It was the queen who blew into a flame the ill-blood between sir Robert

Walpole and his brother-in-law lord Townshend. Yet though she disliked some of the cabinet, she never let her own prejudices disturb the king's affairs, provided the obnoxious paid no court to the mistress. Lord Ilay was the only man, who, by managing Scotland for sir Robert Walpole, was maintained by him in spite of his attachment to lady Suffolk.

The queen's great secret was her own rupture, which till her last illness nobody knew but the king, her German nurse, Mrs. Mailborne, and one other person. To prevent all suspicion, her majesty would frequently stand some minutes in her shift talking to her ladies*; and though labouring with so dangerous a complaint, she made it so invariable a rule never to refuse a desire of the king, that every morning at Richmond she walked several miles with him; and more than once, when she had the gout in her foot, she dipped her whole leg in cold water to be ready to attend him. The pain, her bulk, and the exercise, threw her into such fits of perspiration as vented the gout—but those exertions hastened the crisis of her distemper. It was great shrewdness in sir Robert Walpole, who, before her distemper broke out, discovered her se-

* While the queen dressed, prayers used to be read in the outward room, where hung a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bedchamber-woman in waiting, was one day ordered to bid the chaplain Dr. Madox (afterwards bishop of Worcester) begin the service. He said archly, "And a very proper altar-piece is here, madam!" Queen Anne had the same custom; and once ordering the door to be shut while she shifted, the chaplain stopped. The queen sent to ask why he did not proceed? He replied, "he would not whistle the word of God through the key-hole."

cret. On my mother's death, who was of the queen's age, her majesty asked sir Robert many physical questions—but he remarked, that she oftenest reverted to a rupture, which had not been the illness of his wife. When he came home, he said to me, “Now, Horace, I know by possession of what secret lady Sundon has preserved such an ascendant over the queen.” He was in the right. How lady Sundon had wormed herself into that mystery was never known. As sir Robert maintained his influence over the clergy by Gibson bishop of London, he often met with troublesome obstructions from lady Sundon, who espoused, as I have said, the heterodox clergy; and sir Robert could never shake her credit.

Yet the queen was constant in her protection of sir Robert, and the day before she died gave a strong mark of her conviction that he was the firmest support the king had. As they two alone were standing by the queen's bed, she pathetically recommended, not the minister to the sovereign, but the master to the servant. Sir Robert was alarmed, and feared the recommendation would leave a fatal impression—but a short time after, the king reading with sir Robert some intercepted letters from Germany, which said that now the queen was gone sir Robert would have no protection: “On the contrary,” said the king, “you know she recommended *me* to you.” This marked the notice he had taken of the expression; and it was the only notice he ever took of it: nay, his majesty's grief was so excessive and so sincere, that his kindness to his minister seemed to increase for the queen's sake.

The queen's dread of a rival was a feminine weakness : the behaviour of her eldest son was a real thorn. He early displayed his aversion to his mother, who perhaps assumed too much at first ; yet it is certain that her good sense, and the interest of her family, would have prevented, if possible, the mutual dislike of the father and son, and their reciprocal contempt. As the opposition gave into all adulation towards the prince, his ill-poised head and vanity swallowed all their incense. He even early after his arrival had listened to a high act of disobedience. Money he soon wanted : old Sarah, duchess of Marlborough*, ever proud and

* That woman, who had risen to greatness and independent wealth by the weakness of another queen, forgot, like the duc D'Epernon, her own unmerited exaltation, and affected to brave successive courts, though sprung from the dregs of one. When the prince of Orange came over to marry the princess royal, Anne, a boarded gallery with a pent-house roof was erected for the procession from the windows of the great drawing-room at St. James's cross the garden to the Lutheran chapel in the friary. The prince being indisposed, and going to Bath, the marriage was deferred for some weeks, and the boarded gallery remained, darkening the windows of Marlborough-house. The duchess cried, " I wonder when my neighbour George will take away his orange chest ! "—which it did resemble. She did not want that sort of wit*, which ill-temper, long knowledge of the world, and insolence can sharpen—and envying the favour which she no longer possessed, sir R. Walpole was

• Baron Gleicken, minister from Denmark to France, being at Paris soon after the king his master had been there, and a French lady being so ill-bred as to begin censuring the king to him, saying, " Ah ! monsieur, c'est une tete ! "—" Couronnée," replied he instantly, stopping her by so genteel a hint.

ever malignant, was persuaded to offer her favourite grand-daughter lady Diana Spencer, afterwards duchess of Bedford, to the prince of Wales, with a fortune of an hundred thousand pounds. He accepted the proposal, and the day was fixed for their being secretly married at the duchess's lodge in the great park at Windsor. Sir Robert Walpole got intelligence of the project, prevented it, and the secret was buried in silence.

Youth, folly, and indiscretion, the beauty of the young lady, and a large sum of ready money, might have offered something like a plea for so rash a marriage, had it taken place: but what could excuse, what indeed could provoke, the senseless and barbarous insult offered to the king and queen, by Frederic's taking his wife out of the palace of Hampton-court in the middle of the night, when she was in actual labour, and carrying her, at the imminent risk of the lives of her and the child, to the unaired palace and bed at St. James's? Had he no way of affronting his parents but by venturing to kill his wife and the heir of the crown? A baby that wounds itself to vex its nurse is not more void of reflection. The scene which commenced by unfeeling idiotism closed with paltry hypocrisy. The

often the object of her satire. Yet her great friend, lord Godolphin, the treasurer, had enjoined her to preserve very different sentiments. The duchess and my father and mother were standing by the earl's bed at St. Albans as he was dying. Taking sir Robert by the hand, lord Godolphin turned to the duchess, and said, "Madam, should you ever desert this young man, and there should be a possibility of returning from the grave, I shall certainly appear to you."—Her grace did not believe in spirits.

queen, on the first notice of her son's exploits, set out for St. James's to visit the princess by seven in the morning. The gracious prince, so far from attempting an apology, spoke not a word to his mother; but on her retreat gave her his hand, led her into the street to her coach—still dumb!—but a crowd being assembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt, and humbly kissed her majesty's hand.—Her indignation must have shrunk into contempt!

After the death of the queen, lady Yarmouth came over, who had been the king's mistress at Hanover during his latter journeys—and with the queen's privy, for he always made her the confidante of his amours; which made Mrs. Selwyn once tell him, he should be the last man with whom she would have an intrigue, for she knew he would tell the queen. In his letters to the latter from Hanover, he said, “You must love the Walmoden, for she loves *me*.” She was created a countess, and had much weight with him, but never employed her credit but to assist his ministers, or to convert some honours and favours to her own advantage. She had two sons, who both bore her husband's name; but the younger, though never acknowledged, was supposed the king's, and consequently did not miss additional homage from the courtiers. That incense being one of the recommendations to the countenance of lady Yarmouth, drew lord Chesterfield into a ridiculous distress. On his being made secretary of state, he found a fair young lad in the ante-chamber at St. James's, who seeming much at home, the earl, concluding it was the mistress's

son, was profuse of attentions to the boy, and more prodigal still of his prodigious regard for his mamma. The shrewd boy received all his lordship's vows with indulgence, and without betraying himself:—at last he said, “I suppose your lordship takes me for master Louis; but I am only sir William Russel, one of the pages.”

The king's last years passed as regularly as clock-work. At nine at night he had cards in the apartment of his daughters, the princesses Amelia and Caroline, with lady Yarmouth, two or three of the late queen's ladies, and as many of the most favoured officers of his own household. Every Saturday in summer he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at Richmond: they went in coaches and six in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse-guards kicking up the dust before them, dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade; and his majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe.

His last year was glorious and triumphant beyond example; and his death was most felicitous to himself, being without a pang, without tasting a reverse, and when his sight and hearing were so nearly extinguished, that any prolongation could but have swelled to calamities.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM tempted to drain my memory of all its rubbish, and will set down a few more of my recollections, but with less method than I have used even in the foregoing pages.

I have said little or nothing of the king's two unmarried daughters. Though they lived in the palace with him, he never admitted them to any share in his politics; and if any of the ministers paid them the compliment of seeming attachment, it was more for the air than for the reality. The princess royal Anne, married in Holland, was of a most imperious and ambitious nature; and on her mother's death, hoping to succeed to her credit, came from Holland on pretence of ill health: but the king, aware of her plan, was so offended, that he sent her to Bath as soon as she arrived, and as peremptorily back to Holland—I think, without suffering her to pass two nights in London.

Princess Amelia, as well-disposed to meddle, was confined to receiving court from the duke of Newcastle, who affected to be in love with her; and from the duke of Grafton, in whose connection with her there was more reality.

Princess Caroline, one of the most excellent of women, was devoted to the queen, who, as well as the king, had such confidence in her veracity, that on any disagreement amongst their children, they said, “Stay, send for Caroline, and then we shall know the truth.”

The memorable lord Hervey had dedicated him-

self to the queen, and certainly towards her death had gained great ascendancy with her. She had made him privy seal; and as he took care to keep as well with sir Robert Walpole, no man stood in a more prosperous light. But lord Hervey, who handled all the weapons of a court,* had also made a deep impression on the heart of the virtuous princess Caroline; and as there was a mortal antipathy between the duke of Grafton and lord Hervey, the court was often on the point of being disturbed by the enmity of the favourites of the two princesses. The death of the queen deeply affected her daughter Caroline; and the change of the ministry four years after dislodged lord Hervey, whom for the queen's sake the king would have saved, and who very ungratefully satirised the king in a ballad as if he had sacrificed him voluntarily. Disappointment, rage, and a distempered constitution carried lord Hervey off, and overwhelmed his princess: she never appeared in public after the queen's death; and, being dreadfully afflicted with the rheumatism, never stirred out of her apartment, and rejoiced at her own dissolution some years before her father.

Her sister Amelia leagued herself with the Bedford faction during the latter part of her father's life. When he died, she established herself re-

* He had broken with Frederic prince of Wales on having shared the favours of his mistress, miss Vane, one of the queen's maids of honour. When she fell in labour at St. James's, and was delivered of a son, which she ascribed to the prince, lord Hervey and lord Harrington each told sir Robert Walpole that he believed himself father of the child.

spectably ; but enjoying no favour with her nephew, and hating the princess dowager, she made a plea of her deafness, and soon totally abstained from St. James's.

The duke of Cumberland never or very rarely interfered in politics. Power he would have liked, but never seemed to court it. His passion would have been to command the army ; and he would, I doubt, have been too ready to aggrandize the crown by it. But successive disgusts weaned his mind from all pursuits ; and the grandeur of his sense* and philosophy made him indifferent to a world that had disappointed all his views. The unpopularity which the Scotch and Jacobites spread against him for his merit in suppressing the rebellion, his brother's jealousy, and the contempt he himself felt for the prince, his own ill success in his battles abroad, and his father's treacherous sacrifice of him on the convention of Closter-seven, the dereliction of his two political friends lord Holland and lord Sandwich, and the rebuffing spite of the princess dowager ; all those mortifications centering on a constitution evidently tending to dissolution, made him totally neglect himself, and ready to shake off

* The duke in his very childhood gave a mark of his sense and firmness. He had displeased the queen, and she sent him up to his chamber. When he appeared again, he was sullen. "William," said the queen, "what have you been doing?" "Reading."—"Reading what?" "The Bible."—"And what did you read there?" "About Jesus and Mary."—"And what about them?" "Why, that Jesus said to Mary, Woman! what hast thou to do with *me*?"

being, as an encumbrance not worth the attention of a superior understanding.

From the time the duke first appeared on the stage of the public, all his father's ministers had been blind to his royal highness's capacity, or were afraid of it. Lord Granville, too giddy himself to sound a young prince, had treated him arrogantly, when the king and the earl had projected a match for him with the princess of Denmark. The duke, accustomed by the queen and his governor Mr. Poyntz to venerate the wisdom of sir Robert Walpole, then on his death-bed, sent Mr. Poyntz the day but one before sir Robert expired, to consult him how to avoid the match. Sir Robert advised his royal highness to stipulate for an ample settlement. The duke took the sage counsel—and heard no more of his intended bride.

The low ambition of lord Hardwicke, the childish passion for power of the duke of Newcastle, and the peevish jealousy of Mr. Pelham, combined, on the death of the prince of Wales, to exclude the duke of Cumberland from the regency (in case of a minority), and to make them flatter themselves that they should gain the favour of the princess dowager by cheating her with the semblance of power. The duke resented the slight, but scorned to make any claim. The princess never forgave the insidious homage, and, in concurrence with lord Bute, totally estranged the affection of the young king from his uncle, nor allowed him a shadow of influence.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE done with royal personages. Shall I add a codicil on some remarkable characters that I remember? As I am writing for young ladies, I have chiefly dwelt on heroines of your own sex. They too shall compose my last chapter. Enter the duchesses of Marlborough and Buckingham.

Those two women were considerable personages in their day. The first, her own beauty, the superior talents of her husband in war, and the caprice of a feeble princess, raised to the highest pitch of power; and the prodigious wealth bequeathed to her by her lord, and accumulated in concert with her, gave her weight in a free country. The other, proud of royal though illegitimate birth, was from the vanity of that birth so zealously attached to her expelled brother, the pretender, that she never ceased labouring to effect his restoration: and as the opposition to the house of Brunswic was composed partly of principled Jacobites; of Tories, who either knew not what their own principles were, or dissembled them to themselves; and of Whigs, who, from hatred of the minister, both acted in concert with the Jacobites, and rejoiced in their assistance; two women of such wealth, rank, and enmity to the court, were sure of great attention from all the discontented.

The beauty of the duchess of Marlborough had always been of the scornful and imperious kind; and her features and air announced nothing that

her temper did not confirm. Both together, her beauty and temper, enslaved her heroic lord. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair hair. One day at her toilet, in anger to him, she cut off those commanding tresses, and flung them in his face. Nor did her insolence stop there; nor stop till it had totally estranged and worn out the patience of the poor queen, her mistress. The duchess was often seen to give her majesty her fan and gloves, and turn away her own head, as if the queen had offensive smells.

Incapable of due respect to superiors, it was no wonder she treated her children and inferiors with supercilious contempt. Her eldest daughter and she were long at variance, and never reconciled. When the younger duchess exposed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph, of her own composition and bad spelling, to Congreve, in Westminster-abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said, "I know not what *pleasure* she might have in his company, but I am sure it was no *honour*." With her youngest daughter, the duchess of Montagu, old Sarah agreed as ill.—"I wonder," said the duke of Marlborough to them, "that you cannot agree, you are so alike!" Of her granddaughter, the duchess of Manchester, daughter of the duchess of Montagu, she affected to be fond. One day she said to her, "Duchess of Manchester, you are a good creature, and I love you mightily—but you *have* a mother!" "And she has a mother!" answered the Manchester, who was all spirit, justice, and honour, and could not suppress sudden truth.

One of old Marlborough's capital mortifications

sprung from a granddaughter. The most beautiful of her four charming daughters, lady Sunderland *, left two sons †, the second duke of Marlborough, and John Spencer, who became her heir, and Anne, lady Bateman, and lady Diana Spencer, whom I have mentioned, and who became duchess of Bedford. The duke and his brother, to humour their grandmother, were in opposition, though the eldest she never loved. He had good sense, infinite generosity, and not more œconomy than was to be expected from a young man of warm passions and such vast expectations. He was modest and diffident too, but could not digest total dependence on a capricious and avaricious grandmother. His sister, lady Bateman, had the intriguing spirit of her father and grandfather, earls of Sunderland. She was connected with Henry Fox, the first lord Holland, and both had great influence over the duke of Marlborough. What an object would it be to Fox to convert to the court so great a subject as the

* Lady Sunderland was a great politician; and having, like her mother, a most beautiful head of hair, used, while combing it at her toilet, to receive men whose votes or interest she wished to influence.

† She had an elder son who died young, while only earl of Sunderland. He had parts, and all the ambition of his parents and of his family (which his younger brothers had not); but George II. had conceived such an aversion to his father that he would not employ him. The young earl at last asked sir Robert Walpole for an ensigncy in the guards. The minister, astonished at so humble a request from a man of such consequence, expressed his surprise—"I ask it," said the young lord, "to ascertain whether it is determined that I shall never have any thing." He died soon after at Paris.

duke! Nor was it much less important to his sister to give him a wife, who, with no reasons for expectation of such shining fortune, should owe the obligation to her. Lady Bateman struck the first stroke, and persuaded her brother to marry a handsome young lady, who unluckily was daughter of lord Trevor, who had been a bitter enemy of his grandfather, the victorious duke. The grandam's rage exceeded all bounds. Having a portrait of lady Bateman, she blackened the face, and wrote on it, "Now her outside is as black as her inside." The duke she turned out of the little lodge in Windsor Park; and then pretending that the new duchess and her female cousins, eight Trevors, had stripped the house and garden, she had a puppet-show made with waxen figures, representing the Trevors tearing up the shrubs, and the duchess carrying off the chicken-coop under her arm.

Her fury did but increase when Mr. Fox prevailed on the duke to go over to the court. With her coarse intemperate humour she said, "That was the Fox that had stolen her goose." Repeated injuries at last drove the duke to go to law with her. Fearing that even no lawyer would come up to the Billingsgate with which she was animated herself, she appeared in the court of justice, and with some wit and infinite abuse, treated the laughing public with the spectacle of a woman who had held the reins of empire, metamorphosed into the widow Blackacre. Her grandson, in his suit, demanded a sword set with diamonds, given to his grandsire by the emperor. "I retained it," said the beldame, "lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them."

I will repeat but one more instance of her insolent asperity, which produced an admirable reply of the famous lady Mary Wortley Montague. Lady Sundon had received a pair of diamond ear-rings as a bribe for procuring a considerable post in queen Caroline's family for a certain peer; and, decked with those jewels, paid a visit to the old duchess; who, as soon as she was gone, said, "What an impudent creature, to come hither with her bribe in her ear!" "Madam," replied lady Mary Wortley, who was present, "how should people know where wine is sold, unless a bush is hung out?"

The duchess of Buckingham was as much elated by owing her birth to James II. as the Marlborough was by the favour of his daughter. Lady Dorchester,* the mother of the former, endeavoured to curb that pride, and, one should have thought, took an effectual method, though one few mothers

* Lady Dorchester is well known for her wit, and for saying that she wondered for what James chose his mistresses; "We are none of us handsome," said she; "and if we have wit, he has not enough to find it out."—But I do not know whether it is as public, that her style was gross and shameless. Meeting the duchess of Portsmouth and lady Orkney, the favourite of king William, at the drawing-room of George the first, "God!" said she, "who would have thought that we three whores should have met here?" Having, after the king's abdication, married sir David Collyer, by whom she had two sons, she said to them, "If any body should call you sons of a whore, you must bear it; for you are so: but if they call you bastards, fight till you die; for you are an honest man's sons."

Susan lady Bellasis, another of king James's mistresses, had wit too and no beauty. Mrs. Godfrey had neither. Grammont has recorded why she was chosen.

would have practised : “ You need not be so vain,” said the old profligate, “ for you are not the king’s daughter, but colonel Graham’s.” Graham was a fashionable man of those days, and noted for dry humour. His legitimate daughter, the countess of Berkshire, was extremely like to the duchess of Buckingham : “ Well ! well !” said Graham, “ kings are all-powerful, and one must not complain ; but certainly the same man begot those two women.” To discredit the wit of both parents, the duchess never ceased labouring to restore the house of Stuart, and to mark her filial devotion to it. Frequent were her journeys to the continent for that purpose. She always stopped at Paris, visited the church where lay the unburied body of James, and wept over it. A poor Benedictine of the convent, observing her filial piety, took notice to her grace that the velvet pall that covered the coffin was become thread-bare — and so it remained !

Finding all her efforts fruitless, and perhaps aware that her plots were not undiscovered by sir Robert Walpole, who was remarkable for his intelligence, she made an artful double, and resolved to try what might be done through him himself. I forget how she contracted an acquaintance with him — I do remember that more than once he received letters from the pretender himself, which probably were transmitted through her. Sir Robert always carried them to George II. who endorsed and returned them. That negotiation not succeeding, the duchess made a more home push. Learning his extreme fondness for his daughter (afterwards lady Mary Churchill), she sent for sir Robert, and asked him if he recollected what had not

been thought too great a reward to lord Clarendon for restoring the royal family? He affected not to understand her—"Was not he allowed," urged the zealous duchess, "to match his daughter to the duke of York?" Sir Robert smiled, and left her.

Sir Robert being forced from court, the duchess thought the moment* favourable, and took a new journey to Rome; but conscious of the danger she might run of discovery, she made over her estate to the famous Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath), and left the deed in his custody. What was her astonishment, when on her return she re-demanded the instrument.—It was mislaid—He could not find it—He never could find it! The duchess grew clamorous. At last his friend lord Mansfield told him plainly, he could never show his face unless he satisfied the duchess. Lord Bath did then sign a release to her of her estate. The transaction was recorded in print by sir Charles Hanbury Williams in a pamphlet that had great vogue, called A Congratulatory Letter, with many other anecdotes of the same personage, and was not less acute than sir Charles's Odes on the same hero. The duchess dying not long after sir Robert's entrance into the house of lords, lord Oxford, one of her executors, told him there, that the duchess had struck lord Bath out of her will, and made him, sir Robert,

* I am not quite certain that, writing by memory at the distance of fifty years, I place that journey exactly at the right period, nor whether it did not take place before sir Robert's fall. Nothing material depends on the precise period.

one of her trustees in his room. "Then," said sir Robert laughing, "I see, my lord, that I have got lord Bath's place before he has got mine." Sir Robert had artfully prevented the last. Before he quitted the king, he persuaded his majesty to insist, as a preliminary to the change, that Mr. Pulteney should go into the house of peers, his great credit lying in the other house; and I remember my father's action when he returned from court and told me what he had done—"I have turned the key of the closet on him"—making that motion with his hand. Pulteney had jumped at the proffered earldom, but saw his error when too late; and was so enraged at his own oversight, that, when he went to take the oaths in the house of lords, he dashed his patent on the floor, and vowed he would never take it up——But he had kissed the king's hand for it, and it was too late to recede.

But though madam of Buckingham could not effect a coronation to her will, she indulged her pompous mind with such puppet-shows as were appropriate to her rank. She had made a funeral for her husband as splendid as that of the great Marlborough: she renewed that pageant for her only son, a weak lad, who died under age; and for herself; and prepared and decorated waxen dolls of him and of herself to be exhibited in glass-cases in Westminster-abbey. It was for the procession at her son's burial that she wrote to old Sarah of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had transported the corpse of the duke. "It carried my lord Marlborough," replied the other, "and shall never be used for any body else." "I have

consulted the undertaker," replied the Buckingham, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds."

One of the last acts of Buckingham's life was marrying a grandson she had to a daughter of lord Hervey. That intriguing man, sore, as I have said, at his disgrace, cast his eyes every where to revenge or exalt himself. Professions or recantations of any principles cost him nothing: at least the consecrated day which was appointed for his first interview with the duchess made it presumed, that to obtain her wealth, with her grandson for his daughter, he must have sworn fealty to the house of Stuart. It was on the martyrdom of her grandfather: she received him in the great drawing-room of Buckingham-house, seated in a chair of state, in deep mourning, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the royal martyr.

It will be a proper close to the history of those curious ladies to mention the anecdote of Pope relative to them. Having drawn his famous character of Atossa, he communicated it to each duchess, pretending it was levelled at the other. The Buckingham believed him: the Marlborough had more sense, and knew herself—and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress it——And yet he left the copy behind him!

Bishop Burnet, from absence of mind, had drawn as strong a picture of herself to the duchess of Marlborough, as Pope did under covert of another lady. Dining with the duchess after the duke's disgrace, Burnet was comparing him to Belisarius—"But how," said she, "could so great a general

be so abandoned?"—"Oh! madam," said the bishop, "do not you know what a brimstone of a wife he had?"

Perhaps you know this anecdote, and perhaps several others that I have been relating—No matter—they will go under the article of my dotage—and very properly—I began with tales of my nursery, and prove that I have been writing in my second childhood.

January 13th, 1789.

END OF THE REMINISCENCES.

LETTERS.

EVERY reader of taste will feel regret on arriving at the close of the foregoing pages ; — the quantity is, indeed, so small, as scarcely to make a volume. To this edition are therefore added, the LETTERS (not being found in the larger collections of his Correspondence) which are scattered up and down the WALPOLIANA ; and the remainder of that work has, with some trifling exceptions, and a slight change of arrangement, been printed as a companion to the REMINISCENCES.

London, April, 1819.

LETTERS.

I.

TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 1st, 1781.

I AM truly sensible of, and grateful for, your lordship's benevolent remembrance of me, and shall receive with great respect and pleasure the collection your lordship has been pleased to order to be sent to me. I must admire too, my lord, the generous assistance that you have lent to your adopted children; but more forcibly than all I feel your pathetic expressions on the distress of the public, which is visible even in this extravagant and thoughtless city. The number of houses to be let in every street, whoever runs may read. At the time of your writing your letter, your lordship did not know the accumulation of misfortune and disgrace that has fallen on us; nor should I wish to be the trumpeter of my country's calamities. Yet as they must float on the surface of the mind, and blend their hue with all its emanations, they suggest this reflection, that there can be no time so proper for the institution of inquiries into past story as

the moment of the fall of an empire—a nation becomes a theme for antiquaries when it ceases to be one for an historian!—and while its ruins are fresh and in legible preservation.

I congratulate your lordship on the discovery of the Scottish monarch's portrait in Suabia, and am sorry you did not happen to specify of which; but I cannot think of troubling your lordship to write again on purpose; I may probably find it mentioned in some of the papers I shall receive.

There is one passage in your lordship's letter, in which I cannot presume to think myself included; and yet, if I could suppose I was, it would look like most impertinent neglect and unworthiness of the honour that your lordship and the society has done me, if I did not at least offer very humbly to obey it. You are pleased to say, my lord, that the members, when authors, have agreed to give copies of such of their works as any way relate to the objects of the institution. Amongst my very trifling publications, I think there are none that can pretend even remotely to that distinction but the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, and the Anecdotes of Painting, in each of which are Scottish authors or artists. If these should be thought worthy of a corner on any shelf of the society's library, I should be proud of sending, at your lordship's command, the original edition of the first. Of the latter I have not a single set left but my own. But I am printing a new edition in octavo, with many additions and corrections, though without cuts, as the former edition was too dear for many artists to purchase. The new I will send when finished, if I could hope it would be accept-

able, and your lordship would please to tell me by what channel.

I am ashamed, my lord, to have said so much, or any thing, relating to myself. I ask your pardon too for the slovenly writing of my letter, but my hand is both lame and shaking, and I should but write worse if I attempted transcribing. I have the honour to be, with great respect,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obedient

and obliged humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

P.S. It has this moment started into my mind, my lord, that I have heard that at the old castle at Aubigny, belonging and adjoining to the duke of Richmond's house, there are historic paintings or portraits of the ancient house of Lenox. I recollect too that father Gordon, superior of the Scots college at Paris, showed me a whole length of queen Mary, young, and which he believed was painted while she was queen of France. He showed me too the original letter she wrote the night before her execution, some deeds of Scottish kings, and one of king (I think Robert) Bruce, remarkable for having no seal appendent, which, father Gordon said, was executed in the time of his so great distress that he was not possessed of a seal. I shall be happy if these hints lead to any investigation of use.

II.

TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Strawberry-hill, May 12, 1783.

MY LORD,

I DID not know, till I received the honour of your lordship's letter, that any obstruction had been given to your charter. I congratulate your lordship and the society on the defeat of that opposition, which does not seem to have been a liberal one. The pursuit of national antiquities has rarely been an object, I believe, with any university: why should they obstruct others from marching in that track? I have often thought the English Society of Antiquaries have gone out of their way when they meddled with Roman remains, especially if not discovered within our island. Were I to speak out, I should own that I hold most relics of the Romans, that have been found in Britain, of little consequence, unless relating to such emperors as visited us. Provincial armies, stationed in so remote and barbarous a quarter as we were then, acted little, produced little worth being remembered. Tombstones erected to legionary officers and their families, now dignified by the title of *Inscriptions*; and banks and ditches that surrounded camps, which we understand much better by books and plans than by such faint fragments, are given with much pomp, and tell us nothing new. Your lordship's new foundation seems

to proceed on a much more rational and more useful plan. The biography of the illustrious of your country will be an honour to Scotland, to those illustrious, and to the authors, and may contribute considerably to the general history; for the investigation of particular lives may bring out many anecdotes that may unfold secrets of state, or explain passages in such histories as have been already written; especially as the manners of the times may enter into private biography, though before Voltaire *manners* were rarely weighed in general history, though very often the sources of considerable events. I shall be very happy to see such lives as shall be published, while I remain alive.

I cannot contribute any thing of consequence to your lordship's meditated account of John Law. I have heard many anecdotes of him, though none that I can warrant, particularly that of the duel for which he fled early. I met the other day with an account in some French literary gazette, I forget which, of his having carried off the wife of another man. Lady Catherine Law his wife lived, during his power in France, in the most stately manner. Your lordship knows to be sure that he died and is buried at Venice. I have two or three different prints of him, and an excellent head of him in crayons by Rosalba, the best of her portraits. It is certainly very like; for were the flowing wig converted into a female head-dress, it would be the exact resemblance of lady Wallingford, his daughter, whom I see frequently at the duchess of Montrose's, and who has by no means a look of the age to which she is arrived. Law was a very extraordinary man, but not at all an estimable one.

Dr. Hunter's magnificent future donation will be a great addition to the collection of curiosities in Scotland, though, I suppose, not much connected with the pursuits of your society: but it will gratify the thirst of knowledge which does your country, my lord, so much honour.

I shall wish much to see lord Hailes's life of Barclay, and the other of James the first, when finished, and that of the regent Murray. May I ask your lordship if there is any portrait known of the last?

I don't remember whether I ever told your lordship that there are many charters of your ancient kings preserved in the Scots college at Paris, and probably many other curiosities. I think I did mention many paintings of the old house of Lenox in the ancient castle at Aubigny. Was not one of your countrymen, my lord, constable of France? I suspect my memory is worse than it was, and therefore you will excuse me both if I make mistakes, forget names, or repeat what I have said before, when zeal to obey your commands draws me into blunders or tautology. I have the honour to be

Your lordship's

Most obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

III.

Oct. 1784.

* * * * *

I AM much obliged to you for the many civil and kind expressions in your letter, and for the friendly information you give me. Partiality, I fear, dictated the former; but the last I can only ascribe to the goodness of your heart.

I have published nothing of any size but the pieces you mention, and one or two small tracts, now out of print and forgotten. The rest have been prefaces to some of my Strawberry editions, and to a few other publications, and some fugitive pieces, which I reprinted some years ago in a small volume, and which shall be at your service, with the Catalogue of Noble Authors.

With regard to the bookseller who has taken the pains of collecting my writings for an edition (amongst which I do not doubt but he will generously bestow on me many that I did *not* write, according to the liberal practice of such compilers), and who also intends to write my life, to which (as I never did any thing worthy of the notice of the public) he must likewise be a volunteer contributor, it would be vain for me to endeavour to prevent such a design. Whosoever has been so unadvised as to throw himself on the public, must pay such a tax in a pamphlet or magazine when he dies; but happily the insects that prey on carrion are still

more short-lived than the carcasses were from which they draw their nutriment. Those momentary abortions live but a day, and are thrust aside like embryos. Literary characters, when not illustrious, are known only to a few literary men; and amidst the world of books, few readers can come to my share. Printing, that secures existence (in libraries) to indifferent authors of any bulk, is like those cases of Egyptian mummies, which, in catacombs, preserve bodies of one knows not whom, and which are scribbled over with characters that nobody attempts to read, till nobody understands the language in which they were written.

I believe, therefore, it will be most wise to swim for a moment on the passing current, secure that it will soon hurry me into the ocean where all things are forgotten. To appoint a biographer is to bespeak a panegyric; and I doubt whether they who collect their works for the public, and, like me, are conscious of no intrinsic worth, do but beg mankind to accept of talents (whatever they were) in lieu of virtues. To anticipate spurious publications by a comprehensive and authentic one, is almost as great an evil: it is giving a body to scattered atoms; and such an act in one's old age is declaring a fondness for the indiscretions of youth, or for the trifles of an age, which, though more mature, is only the less excuseable. It is most true, sir, that so far from being prejudiced in favour of my own writings, I am persuaded, that had I thought early as I think now, I should never have appeared as an author. Age, frequent illness, and pain, have given me as many hours of reflection in the intervals of the two latter, as the two latter have drawn from reflection;

and, besides their showing me the inutility of all our little views, they have suggested an observation that I love to encourage in myself from the rationality of it. I have learnt and have practised the humiliating task of comparing myself with great authors; and that comparison has annihilated all the flattery that self-love could suggest. I know how trifling my own writings are, and how far below the standard that constitutes excellence; for the shades that distinguish mediocrity, they are not worth discrimination; and he must be very modest, or easily satisfied, who can be content to glimmer for an instant a little more than his brethren glow-worms. Mine, therefore, you find, sir, is not humility, but pride! When young, I wished for fame, not examining whether I was capable of attaining it, nor considering in what lights fame was desirable. There are two parts of honest fame; that attendant on the truly great, and that better sort that is due to the good. I fear I did not aim at the latter, nor discovered, till too late, that I could not compass the former. Having neglected the best road, and having, instead of the other, strolled into a narrow path that led to no goal worth seeking, I see the idleness of my journey, and hold it more graceful to abandon my wanderings to chance or oblivion, than to mark solicitude for trifles, which I think so myself.

I beg your pardon for talking so much of myself; but an answer was due to the unmerited attention which you have paid to my writings. I turn with more pleasure to speak on yours. Forgive me if I shall blame you, whether you either abandon your intention, or are too impatient to execute it. A

mere recapitulation of authenticated facts would be dry. A more enlarged plan would demand much acquaintance with the characters of the actors, and with the *probable* sources of measures. The present time is accustomed to details and anecdotes; and the age immediately preceding one's own is less known to any man than the history of any other period.

* * * * *

Your obliged and obedient
humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

IV.

ON IMPROVEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, &c.

SINCE I received your book, sir, I scarce ceased from reading till I had finished it; so admirable I found it, and so full of good sense, brightly delivered. Nay, I am pleased with myself, too, for having formed the same opinion with you on several points, in which we do not agree with the generality of men. On some topics I confess as frankly I do not concur with you; considering how many you have touched, it would be wonderful if we agreed on all, for I should not be sincere if I said I did. There are others on which I have formed no opinion, for I should give myself an impertinent air with no truth, if I pretended to have

any knowledge of many subjects, of which, young as you are, you seem to have made yourself master. Indeed, I have gone deeply into nothing, and therefore shall not discuss those heads on which we differ most, as probably I should not defend my opinions well. There is but one part of your work to which I will venture any objection, though you have considered it much, and I little—very little, indeed, with regard to your proposal, which to me is but two days old. I mean, your plan for the improvement of our language, which I allow has some defects, and which wants correction in several particulars. The specific amendment which you propose, and to which I object, is the addition of *a*'s and *i*'s to our terminations. To change *s* for *a* in the plural number of our substantives and adjectives, would be so violent an alteration, that I believe neither the power of Power, nor the power of Genius, would be able to effect it. In most cases, I am convinced that very strong innovations are more likely to make impression than small and almost imperceptible differences, as in religion, medicine, politics, &c.; but I do not think that language can be treated in the same manner, especially in a refined age. When a nation first emerges from barbarism, two or three masterly writers may operate wonders; and the fewer the number of writers, as the number is small at such a period, the more absolute is their authority. But when a country has been polishing itself for two or three centuries, and when, consequently, authors are innumerable, the most supereminent genius (or whoever is esteemed so, though without foundation) possesses very limited empire, and is far from meeting implicit

obedience. Every petty writer will contest very novel institutions; every inch of change in any language will be disputed: and the language will remain as it was, longer than the tribunal, which should dictate very heterogeneous alterations.

With regard to adding *a* or *o* to nasal consonants, consider, sir, should the usage be adopted, what havoc would it make? All our poetry would be defective in metre, or would become at once as obsolete as Chaucer; and could we promise ourselves that we should acquire better harmony, and more rhymes, we should have a new crop of poets to replace Milton, Dryden, Gray, and I am sorry you will not allow me to add, Pope! You might enjoin our prose to be reformed, as you have done by the Spectator in your *****, but try Dryden's Ode by your new institution.

I beg your pardon for these trivial observations. I assure you I could write a letter ten times as long, if I were to specify all I like in your work. I more than like most of it; and I am charmed with your glorious love of liberty, and your other humane and noble sentiments. * * * * *

* * * * *

It is as great as uncommon, and gives me as good an opinion of your heart, sir, as your book does of your great sense. *Both* assure me that you will not take ill the liberty I have used in expressing my doubts on your plan for amending our language, or for any I may use in dissenting from a few other sentiments in your work; as I shall in what I think your too low opinion of some of the French writers; of your preferring Lady Mary Wortley to Madame Sevigné; and of your esteeming Mr. Hume a man

of a deeper and more solid understanding than Mr. Gray. In the two last articles it is impossible to think more differently than we do. In Lady Mary's letters, which I never could read but once, I discovered no merit of any sort; yet I have seen others by her (unpublished) that have a good deal of wit: and for Mr. Hume, give me leave to say, that I think your opinion, *that he might have ruled a state*, ought to be qualified a little, as in the very next page you say—*his History is a mere apology for prerogative, and a very weak one*. If he could have ruled a state, one must presume at best that he would have been an able tyrant—and yet I should suspect that a man who, sitting coolly in his chamber, could forge but a weak apology for prerogative, would not have exercised it very wisely. I knew personally, and well, both Mr. Hume and Mr. Gray; and thought there was no degree of comparison between their understandings—and, in fact, Mr. Hume's writings were so superior to his conversation, that I frequently said he understood nothing till he had written upon it. What you say, sir, of the discord in his history from his love of prerogative, and hatred of churchmen, flatters me much, as I have taken notice of that very unnatural discord in a piece I printed some years ago, but did not publish, and which I will show to you when I have the pleasure of seeing you here; a satisfaction I shall be glad to taste whenever you will let me know you are at leisure after the beginning of next week. I am, sir, with great respect and esteem, your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Strawberry-hill, June 22, 1785.

V.

ON GRACE IN COMPOSITION.

June 26, 1785.

To *your* book, sir, I am much obliged on many accounts, particularly for having recalled my mind to subjects of delight, to which it was grown dulled by age and indolence. In consequence of your reclaiming it, I asked myself whence you feel so much disregard for certain authors whose fame is established. You have assigned good reasons for withholding your approbation from some, on the plea of their being imitators—it was natural then, to ask myself again, whence they had obtained so much celebrity? I think I have discovered a cause, which I do not remember to have seen noted; and *that* cause I suspect to have been, that certain of those authors possessed *grace*—do not take me for a disciple of lord Chesterfield, nor imagine that I mean to erect grace into a capital ingredient of writing—but I do believe that it is a perfume that will preserve from putrefaction; and is distinct even from style, which regards *expression*; grace I think belongs to *manner*. It is from the charm of grace that I believe some authors, not in your favour, obtained part of their renown. Virgil in particular—and yet I am far from disagreeing with you on his subject in general. There is such a dearth of invention in the *Æneid* [and when he did invent, it was often so foolishly]; so little good

sense, so little variety, and so little power over the passions, that I have frequently said, from contempt for his matter, and from the charm of his harmony, that I believe I should like his poem better, if I was to hear it repeated, and did not understand Latin. On the other hand, he has more than harmony; whatever he utters is said gracefully, and he ennobles his images, especially in the *Georgics*, or at least it is more sensible there from the humility of the subject. A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture—but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, the farming of that age; and could captivate a lord of Augustus's bedchamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity. Statius and Claudian, though talking of war, would make a soldier despise them as bullies. That graceful manner of thinking in Virgil seems to me to be more than style, if I do not refine too much; and I admire, I confess, Mr. Addison's phrase, that Virgil tossed about his dung with an air of majesty. A style may be excellent without grace—for instance, Dr. Swift's. Eloquence may bestow an immortal style, and one of more dignity; yet eloquence may want that ease, that genteel air that flows from, or constitutes, grace. Addison himself was master of that grace, even in his pieces of humour, and which do not owe their merit to style; and from that combined secret he excels all men that ever lived, but Shakespeare, in humour, by never dropping into an approach towards burlesque and buffoonery, even when his humour descended to characters that, in any other hands, would have been vulgarly low. Is it not clear that Will Whimble was a gentleman,

though he always lived at a distance from good company? Fielding had as much humour perhaps as Addison; but having no idea of grace, is perpetually disgusting. His innkeepers and parsons are the grossest of their profession; and his gentlemen are awkward when they should be at their ease.

The Grecians had grace in every thing, in poetry, in oratory, in statuary, in architecture, and probably in music and painting. The Romans, it is true, were their imitators; but having grace too, imparted it to their copies, which gave them a merit, that almost raises them to the rank of originals. Horace's Odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner, and purity of his style; the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's Odes.

Waller, whom you proscribe, sir, owed his reputation to the graces of his manner, though he frequently stumbled, and even fell flat: but a few of his small pieces are as graceful as possible: one might say, that he excelled in painting ladies in enamel, but could not succeed in portraits in oil large as life. Milton had such superior merit, that I will only say, that if his Angels, his Satan, and his Adam, have as much dignity as the Apollo Belvedere, his Eve has all the delicacy and graces of the Venus of Medici, as his description of Eden has the colouring of Albano. Milton's tenderness imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas; and the Allegro, Penseroso, and Comus, might be denoted from the three Graces; as the Italians give singular titles to two or three of Petrarch's best sonnets.

Cowley, I think, would have had grace (for his mind was graceful) if he had had any ear, or if his taste had not been vitiated by the pursuit of wit; which, when it does not offer itself naturally, degenerates into tinsel or pertness. Pertness is the mistaken affectation of grace, as pedantry produces erroneous dignity; the familiarity of the one, and the clumsiness of the other, distort, or prevent, grace. Nature, that furnishes samples of all qualities, and in the scale of gradation exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more apposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, the bear ridiculously awkward. I mention these as more expressive and comprehensive than I could make definitions of my meaning; but I will apply the swan only, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for Racine, whose pieces give me an idea of that bird. The colouring of the swan is pure, his attitudes are graceful, he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet may be ugly, his notes hissing, not musical, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty. Still the impression the swan leaves is that of grace — so does Racine.

Boileau may be compared to the dog, whose sagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its master, and its snarling at those it dislikes. If Boileau was too austere to admit the pliability of grace, he compensates by sense and propriety. He is like (for I will drop animals) an upright magistrate whom you respect; but whose justice and severity leave an awe, that discourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too servile — but

if a good translator deserve praise, Boileau deserves more : he certainly does not fall below his originals ; and, considering at what period he wrote, has greater merit still. By his imitations he held out to his countrymen models of taste, and banished totally the bad taste of his predecessors. For his *Lutrin*, replete with excellent poetry, wit, humour, and satire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Excepting Horace, how little idea had either Greeks or Romans of wit and humour ! Aristophanes and Lucian, compared with moderns, were, the one a blackguard, the other a buffoon. In my eyes, the *Lutrin*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Rape of the Lock*, are standards of grace and elegance, not to be paralleled by antiquity ; and eternal reproaches to Voltaire, whose indelicacy in the *Pucelle* degraded him as much, when compared with the three authors I have named, as his *Henriade* leaves Virgil, and even Lucan, whom he more resembles, by far his superiors. 'The *Dunciad* is blemished by the offensive images of the games, but the poetry appears to me admirable ; and though the fourth book has obscurities, I prefer it to the three others. It has descriptions not surpassed by any poet that ever existed ; and which surely a writer merely ingenious will never equal. The lines on Italy, on Venice, on Convents, have all the grace for which I contend, as distinct from poetry, though united with the most beautiful ; and the *Rape of the Lock*, besides the originality of great part of the invention, is a standard of graceful writing.

In general, I believe that what I call *grace*, is denominated elegance ; but by grace I mean some-

thing higher. I will explain myself by instances ; Apollo is graceful, Mercury elegant.

Petrarch perhaps owed his whole merit to the harmony of his numbers, and the graces of his style. They conceal his poverty of meaning, and want of variety. His complaints too may have added an interest, which, had his passion been successful, and had expressed itself with equal sameness, would have made the number of his sonnets insupportable. Melancholy in poetry, I am inclined to think, contributes to grace, when it is not disgraced by pitiful lamentations, such as Ovid's and Cicero's in their banishments. We respect melancholy, because it imparts a similar affection, pity. A gay writer, who should only express satisfaction without variety, would soon be nauseous.

Madame de Sevigné shines both in grief and gaiety. There is too much of sorrow for her daughter's absence ; yet it is always expressed by new turns, new images ; and often by wit, whose tenderness has a melancholy air. When she forgets her concern, and returns to her natural disposition, gaiety, every paragraph has novelty : her allusions, her applications, are the happiest possible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance ; and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited. Her language is correct, though unstudied ; and when her mind is full of any great event, she interests you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an historian. Pray read her accounts of the death of Turenne and of the arrival of King James in France, and tell me whether you do not know their persons, as if you had lived at the time. For my

part, if you will allow me a word of digression (not that I have written with any method), I hate the cold impartiality recommended to historians; *si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*—but that I may not wander again, nor tire, nor contradict you any more, I will finish now; and shall be glad if you will dine at Strawberry-hill next Sunday, and take a bed there; when I will tell you how many more parts of your book have pleased me, than have startled my opinions, or, perhaps, prejudices.

I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Be so good as to let me know, by a line by the post to Strawberry-hill, whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday.

VI.

Strawberry-hill, July 27, 1785.

You thank me much more than the gift deserved, sir. My editions of such pieces as I have left, are waste paper to me. I will not sell them at the ridiculously advanced prices that are given for them; indeed only such as were published for sale, have I sold at all; and therefore the duplicates that remain with me, are to me of no value, but when I can oblige a friend with them. Of a few of my impressions I have no copy but my own set; and as I could give you only an imperfect collection, the present was really only a parcel of fragments. My me-

mory was in fault about the R. and N. authors: I thought I had given them to you; I recollect now that I only lent you my own copy; but I have others in town, and you shall have them when I go thither. For Vertue's MS. I am in no manner of haste.

* * * * *

My chief reason for calling on you twice this week was to learn what you had heard; and I shall be much obliged to you for further information, as I do not care to be too inquisitive, lest I should be suspected of knowing more of the matter.

There are many reasons, sir, why I cannot come into your idea of printing Greek.* In the first place, I have two or three engagements for my press; and my time of life does not allow me but to look a little way farther. In the next, I cannot now go into new expenses of purchase. My fortune is very much reduced, both by my brother's death, and by the late plan of reformation. The last reason would weigh with me, had I none of the other. My admiration of the Greeks was a little like that of the mob on other points, not from sound knowledge. I never was a good Greek scholar; have long forgotten what I knew of the language; and as I never disguise my ignorance of any thing, it would look like affectation to print Greek authors. I could not bear to print them without owning that I do not understand them; and such a confession would perhaps be as much ostentation as unfounded pretensions. I must therefore stick to my simplicity, and not go out of my line. It is difficult to divest one's

* An edition of Anacreon had been recommended as a mere literary curiosity.

self of vanity, because impossible to divest one's self of self-love. If one runs from one glaring vanity, one is caught by its opposite. Modesty can be as vain-glorious on the ground, as Pride on a triumphal car. Modesty, however, is preferable; for should she contradict her professions, she still keeps her own secret, and does not hurt the pride of others.

Adieu, sir. I am, very sincerely,

Your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

VII.

Strawberry-hill, August 18, 1785.

I AM sorry, dear sir, that I must give you unanswerable reasons why I cannot print the work you recommend. I have been so much solicited since I set up my press to employ it for others, that I was forced to make it a rule to listen to no such applications. I refused lord Hardwicke to print a publication of his; lady Mary Forbes, to print letters of her ancestor lord Essex; and the countess of Aldborough, to print her father's poems, though in a piece as small as what you mention. These I recollect at once, beside others whose recommendations do not immediately occur to my memory; though I dare say they do remember them, and would resent my breaking my rule. I will only beg you not to treat me with so much ceremony, nor ever use the word *humbly* to me, who am no ways entitled to such respect. One private gentleman is not superior to another, in essentials; I fear, the

virtues of an untainted young heart are preferable to those of an old man long conversant with the world: and in soundness of understanding you *have* shown, and *will* show, a depth which has not fallen to the lot of

Your sincere humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I will call on you in a few days, and say more on the particulars of your letter.

VIII.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1785.

You are too modest, sir, in asking my advice on a point, on which you could have no better guide than your own judgment. If I presume to give you my opinion, it is from zeal for your honour. I think it would be below you to make a regular answer to anonymous scribblers in a magazine. You had better wait to see whether any formal reply is made to your book, and whether by any avowed writer, to whom, if he writes sensibly and decently, you may condescend to make an answer.

Still, as you say you have been misquoted, I should not wish you to be quite silent, though I should like better to have you turn such enemies into ridicule. A foe who misquotes you ought to be a welcome antagonist. He is so humble as to confess, when he censures what you have *not* said, that he cannot confute what you have said—and he is so kind as to furnish you with an opportunity

of proving him a liar, as you may refer to your book to detect him.

This is what I would do : I would specify in the same magazine, in which he has attacked you, your real words, and those he has imputed to you, and then appeal to the equity of the reader. You may guess that the shaft comes from somebody whom you have censured, and thence you may draw a fair conclusion that you had been in the right to laugh at one, who was reduced to put his own words into your mouth, before he could find fault with them : and having so done, whatever indignation he excited in the reader must recoil on himself, as the offensive passages will come out to have been his own, not yours. You might even begin with loudly condemning the words, or thoughts, imputed to you, as if you retracted them — and then, as if you turned to your book, and found you had said no such thing there as what you was ready to retract, the ridicule would be doubled on your adversary. Something of this kind is the most I would stoop to : but I would take the utmost care not to betray a grain of more anger than is implied in contempt and ridicule. Fools can only revenge themselves by provoking, for then they bring you to a level with themselves. The good sense of your work will support it, and there is scarce a reason for defending it, but by keeping up a controversy, to make it more noticed : for the age is so idle and indifferent, that few objects strike, unless parties are formed for and against them. I remember many years ago advising some acquaintance of mine who were engaged in the direction of the opera, to raise a competition between two of their singers, and have papers writ-

ten *pro* and *con*—for then numbers would go to clap and hiss the rivals respectively, who would not go to be pleased with the music.

Dr. Lort was chaplain to the late archbishop, sir, but I believe is not so to the present, nor do I know whether at all connected with him. I do not even know where Dr. Lort is, having seen him but once the whole summer. I am acquainted with another person, who I believe has some interest with the present archbishop; but I conclude that leave must be asked to consult the particular books, as probably indiscriminate access could not be granted.

I have not a single correspondent left at Paris. The abbé Barthelemi, with whom I was very intimate, behaved most unhandsomely to me after madame du Deffand's death; when I had acted by him in a manner that called for a very different return. He could have been the most proper person to apply to; but I cannot ask a favour of one to whom I had done one, and who has been very ungrateful. I might have an opportunity, perhaps, ere long, of making the inquiry you desire, though the person to whom I must apply is rather too great to employ; but if I can bring it about, I will; for I should have great pleasure to assist your pursuits, though, from my long acquaintance with the world, I am very diffident of making promises that are to be executed by others, however sincerely I am myself,

Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

IX.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 30, 1785.

As soon, sir, as I can see the lady my friend, who is much acquainted with the archbishop, I will try if she will ask his leave for you to see the books you mention in his library, of which I will give her the list. I did ask Mr. Cambridge where Dr. Lort is : he told me, with the bishop of Chester, and on an intended tour to the Lakes. I do not possess, nor ever looked into, one of the books you specify ; nor Mabillon's *Acta Sanctorum*, nor O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*. My reading has been very idle, and trifling, and desultory ; not that, perhaps, it has not been employed on authors as respectable as those you want to consult, nor that I had not rather read the *Deeds of Sinners* than *Acta Sanctorum*. I have no reverence but for sensible books, and consequently not for a great number ; and had rather have read fewer than I have than more. The rest may be useful on certain points, as they happen now to be to you, who, I am sure, would not read them for general use and pleasure, and are a very different kind of author. I shall like, I dare say, any thing you do write ; but I am not overjoyed at your wading into the history of dark ages, unless you use it as a canvass, to be embroidered with your own opinions, and episodes, and comparisons with more recent times. That is a most entertaining kind of writing. In general, I have seldom wasted time on the origin of nations, unless for an opportunity of smiling at

the gravity of the author, or at the absurdity of the manners of those ages ; for absurdity and bravery compose almost all the anecdotes we have of them ; except the accounts of what they never did, nor thought of doing.

I have a real affection for Bishop Hoadley. He stands with me in lieu of what are called *The Fathers* ; and I am much obliged to you for offering to lend me a book of his ; * but as my faith in him and his doctrines has long been settled, I shall not return to such grave studies, when I have so little time left, and desire only to pass it tranquilly, and without thinking of what I can neither propagate nor correct. When youth made me sanguine, I hoped mankind might be set right. Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim, that unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for some other. Self-interest is thought to govern every man ; yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate ? Do not thousands sacrifice even their lives for single men ? Is not it an established rule in France that every person should love every king they have in his turn ? What government is formed for general happiness ? Where is not it thought heresy by the majority to insinuate that the felicity of one man ought not to be preferred to that of millions ? Had not I better at sixty-eight leave men to these preposterous notions, than return to bishop Hoadley, and sigh ?

* A collection of his small tracts and single sheets, presented by himself to speaker Onslow.

Not but I have a heart-felt satisfaction when I hear that a mind as liberal as his, and who has dared to utter sacred truths, meets with approbation and purchasers of his work. You must not, however, flatter yourself, sir, that all your purchasers are admirers. Some will buy your book, because they have heard of opinions in it that offend them, and because they want to find matter in it for abusing you. Let them; the more it is discussed, the more strongly will your fame be established. I commend you for scorning any artifice to puff your book; but you must allow me to hope it will be attacked.

I have another satisfaction in the sale of your book; it will occasion a second edition. What if, as you do not approve of confuting misquoters, you simply printed a list of their false quotations, referring to the identic sentences, at the end of your second edition. That will be preserving their infamy, which else would perish where it was born: and perhaps would deter others from similar forgeries. If any rational opponent staggers you on any opinion of yours, I would retract it; and that would be a second triumph. I am, perhaps, too impertinent and forward with advice: it is, at least, a proof of zeal; and you are under no obligation to follow my counsel. It is the weakness of old age to be apt to give advice; but I will fairly arm you against myself, by confessing, that when I was young I was not apt to take any.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

X.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 18, 1786.

I AM much obliged to you, dear sir, for the notice, and your kind intentions. I have various copies of king Charles's collection; but the one you mention is probably more curious, and what I should be very glad to have; and, if I can afford it, will give whatever shall be thought reasonable; for I would by no means take advantage of the poor man's ignorance or necessity, and therefore should wish to have it estimated by some connoisseur: and though the notes may be foolish, they would not prejudice the information I should like to get. I must go to town on Friday, and will call on you: and if you cannot be at home, be so good as to leave the MS. and I will bring it back to you the next day, or Sunday, as I return hither.

Yours sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XI.

Strawberry-hill, June 29, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

SOME time ago you said you would be so kind as to give me a list of the writings of lord Elibank. I have a mind to complete my account of royal and noble authors, for which I have amassed a great

number of additions, both of works and omitted writers. I shall therefore be much obliged to you, if, without interrupting your own much more valuable writings, you can favour me with that list.

All I know of lord Elibank's publications are the following :

1. Inquiry into the Origin and Consequence of the Public Debts.

2. Thoughts on Money, Circulation, and Paper Currency. Edinb. 1758.

3. A pamphlet on the Scottish peerage, 1771. I do not know the title.

I have a very imperfect memorandum, made long ago, and which being only written with a pencil, is almost effaced ; so that all that remains legible are these words, " Lord Lyttelton's correspondents, Lord Elibank's answer to"—

I recollect that it alluded to some remarkable anecdote ; but my memory grows superannuated, and I cannot recover it. Have you any idea ?

I do not even know lord Elibank's Christian name ; was it Patrick ?

In 1778, I cut out of a newspaper almost a whole column, containing an account of the death and character of Patrick, lord Elibank ; and as he is there described as a very aged man, I conclude it was the lord I remember, who married the widow of lord North and Grey, and was brother of Mr. Alexander Murray, imprisoned by the house of commons.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you here (which I hope will be in about a fortnight, when I shall be free from all engagements), I will, if you care to see it, trouble you with a sight of my in-

tended supplement, to which, perhaps, you can contribute some additions, as I think you told me. I am in no haste, for I only intend to leave it behind me; and have actually put all the materials in order, except the article of lord Elibank. I do not pretend to show you any thing worthy of your curiosity, for nothing is more trifling than my writings; but I am glad to lay you under a sort of debt of communication, in which I am sure of being greatly overpaid.

I can tell you what is truly curious; I have a list (over and above those whom I shall mention, being dead) of at least thirty living authors and authoresses. Would not one think this a literary age? As perhaps you was not aware of what a mass of genius the house of lords is possessed—I ought rather to say, the peerage of the three kingdoms, and of all, except of two of the ladies (who are five), the works are in print, I will show you the catalogue; nay, you shall have a copy, if you please, lest so many illustrious names should be lost, when I, their painful chronicler, am not alive to record them. Nor is there an atom of vanity in that expression. Books of peerage are like the precious spices that embalm corpses, and preserve the dead for ages.—Adieu, dear sir.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XII.

Strawberry-hill, August 14, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

THE new regulation of the post proves very inconvenient to this little district. It arrives and departs again in half an hour; so that having a visit when I received your letter yesterday, I could not possibly answer it then; nor can I write now expeditiously, as for these thirteen days I have had a third fit of the gout in my left arm and hand, and can barely hold the paper.

Your intelligence of the jubilees to be celebrated in Scotland* in honour of the revolution was welcome indeed. It is a favourable symptom of an age when its festivals are founded on good sense and liberality of sentiment, and not to perpetuate superstition and slavery. Your countrymen, sir, have proved their good-sense too in their choice of a poet. Your writings breathe the noble, generous spirit congenial to the institution. Give me leave to say, that it is very flattering to me to have the Ode communicated to me.—I will not say, to be consulted, for of that distinction I am not worthy; I am not a poet; and am sure cannot improve your ideas, which you have expressed with propriety and clearness, the necessary ingredients of an address to a populous meeting, for I doubt our numerous audiences are not arrived at Olympic taste enough

* At Glasgow, it should have been.

to seize with enthusiasm the eccentric flights of Pindar. You have taken a more rational road to inspiration by adhering to the genuine topics of the occasion: and you speak in so manly a style, that I do not believe a more competent judge could amend your poetry. I approve of it so much, that if you *commanded* me to alter it, I would alter but one word, and would insert but one more. In the second stanza, for

Here ever *gleam'd* the patriot sword,

I would rather read,

Here ever *flash'd*,

as I think *gleam'd* not forcible enough for the thought, nor expressive enough of the vigorous ardour of your heroes. In the third stanza, I think, there wants a syllable, not literally, but to the ear;

And *slavery*, with arts unblest'd.

Slavery, if pronounced as three syllables, does not satisfy the fulness of harmony, and besides obliges the tongue to dwell too strongly on *with*, which ought not to occupy much accent. An epithet to *arts* would make the whole line sonorous.

These are trifling criticisms of a trifling critic, but they mark both my attention and satisfaction with your ode. I must add, how beautifully is introduced, *innocent of blood*! How ought that circumstance to be dwelt upon at the jubilee of the revolution!

I will tell you how more than occasionally the mention of Pindar slipped into my pen. I have fre-

quently, and even yesterday, wished that some attempt were made to ennoble our horse-races, particularly at Newmarket, by associating better arts with the courses, as by contributions for odes, the best of which should be rewarded by medals. Our nobility would find their vanity gratified, for as the pedigrees of their steeds would soon grow tiresome, their own genealogies would replace them; and in the mean time poetry and medals would be improved. Their lordships would have judgment enough to know if their horse (which should be the impress on one side) were not well executed; and as I hold there is no being more difficult to draw well than a horse, no bad artist could be employed. Such a beginning would lead further, and the cups or plate for the prize might rise into beautiful verses. But this is a vision; and I may as well go to bed and dream of any thing else. I do not return the ode, which I flatter myself you meant I should keep.

Your much obliged, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I must not forget how difficult it is to write to a given tune, especially with so much ease as you have done; and nothing is more happy than *making November smile as May.*

XIII.

Strawberry-hill, Oct. 15, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I AM rather sorry to hear that you are going to be the editor of another's work, who are so infinitely better employed when composing yourself. However, as it will be on a branch of *vertû* that I love, I comfort myself, from your taste and accuracy, that it will be better executed than by any one else.

I will execute your commissions, but you must give me a little time. The gout has lamed my fingers, and I cannot use them much at a time; and I doubt it has made me a little indolent too. Age, you may be sure, has not improved my sight; and Vertue's MSS. are not only a heap of immethodic confusion, but are written in so very diminutive a hand, that many years ago, when I collected my Anecdotes from them, and had very strong eyes, I was often forced to use a magnifying glass. Should you be impatient, will you come and search those MSS. yourself? next, will you come next Sunday hither, and pass the whole day, if you please, in the examination? I do not recollect *three* medals of my father. One I think was struck by Natter, who was much patronised by my brother sir Edward, and who also engraved two or three seals of sir Robert's head. The consular figure on the reverse of the medal I mean, was intended for Cicero, but I believe was copied from a statue be-

longing to the late earl of Leicester at Holkham; and which, if I do not mistake at this distance of time, is called Lucius Antonius. I do not know that any medal of my father was struck on any particular occasion. That I mention, and Dassier's, were honorary, as of a considerable person; and his being prime minister might have a little share in the compliment. Of Dassier I know no more than I have said in the Anecdotes of Painting. I am ignorant who has the medal of the duchess of Portsmouth; perhaps you might learn of Mr. * * *, who lives in Somerset-house. He had a great collection of modern medals, but sold them. Perhaps the duke of Devonshire has the medal in question; you might learn of Dr. Lort, or I can ask him. Are there no modern medals in Dr. Hunter's collection? These are all the answers I am ready to give to your queries at present.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XIV.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 14, 1789.

I MUST certainly have expressed myself very awkwardly, dear sir, if you conceived that I meant the slightest censure on your book; much less on your manner of treating it, which is able, and clear, and demonstrative as possible. No: it was myself, my age, my want of apprehension and memory, and my total ignorance of the subject, which I intended to blame. I never did taste or study the very ancient

histories of nations. I never had a good memory for names of persons, regions, places, which no specific circumstances concurred to make me remember: and now at seventy-two, when, as is common, I forget numbers of names most familiar to me, is it possible I should read with pleasure any work that consists of a vocabulary totally new to me? Many years ago, when my faculties were much less impaired, I was forced to quit Dow's History of Indostan, because the Indian names made so little impression on me, that I went backward instead of forward; and was every minute reverting to the former page, to find about whom I was reading.

Your book was a still more laborious task to me, for it contains such a series of argumentation, that it demanded a double effort from a weak, old head; and when I had made myself master of a deduction, I forgot it the next day, and had my pains to renew.

These defects have for some time been so obvious to me, that I never read now but the most trifling books, having often said that, at the very end of life, it is very useless to be improving one's stock of knowledge, great or small, for the next world.

Thus, sir, all I have said in my last letter, or in this, is an encomium on your work, not a censure or criticism. It would be hard on you indeed, if my incapacity detracted from your merit.

Your arguments in defence of works of science, and deep disquisition, are most just; and I am sure I have neither power nor disposition to answer them. You have treated your matter as it ought

to be treated. Profound men, or conversant in the subject, like Mr. * * *, will be pleased with it, for the very reasons that made it difficult to me. If sir Isaac Newton had written a fairy tale, I should have swallowed it eagerly ; but do you imagine, sir, that, idle as I am, I am idiot enough to think that sir Isaac had better have amused me, for half an hour, than enlightened mankind, and all ages ?

I was so fair as to confess to you, that your work was above me, and did not divert me. You was too candid to take that ill ; and must have been content with silently thinking me very silly ; and I am too candid to condemn any man for thinking of me as I deserve. I am only sorry when I do deserve a disadvantageous character.

Nay, sir, you condescend, after all, to ask my opinion of the best way of treating antiquities ; and by the context I suppose you mean how to make them entertaining. I cannot answer you in one word, because there are two ways, as there are two sorts of readers. I should therefore say ; to please antiquaries of judgment, as you have treated them, with arguments and proofs : but if you would adapt antiquities to the taste of those who read only to be diverted, not to be instructed, the nostrum is very easy and short. You must divert them, in the true sense of the word *diverto* ; you must turn them out of the way ; you must treat them with digressions, nothing, or very little, to the purpose. Yet, easy as I call this recipe, you, I believe, would find it more difficult to execute than the indefatigable industry you have employed to penetrate chaos and extract truth. There have been professors who

have engaged to adapt all kinds of knowledge to the meanest capacities. I doubt their success ; at least on me. However, you need not despair ; all readers are not so dull and superannuated as, dear sir,

Your very humble servant,
and sincere admirer,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XV.

Strawberry-hill, Aug. 19, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL not use many words, but enough I hope to convince you that I meant no irony in my last. All I said of you, and of myself, was very sincere. It is my true opinion that your understanding is one of the strongest, most manly, and clearest, I ever knew ; and as I hold my own to be of a very inferior kind, and know it to be incapable of all sound deep application to all abstract science and abstract speculation, I should have been foolish and very partial, if I had attempted to sneer at you or your pursuits. Mine have always been light, trifling, and tended to nothing but my casual amusement—I will not say, without a little vain ambition of showing some parts, but never with industry sufficient to make me apply them to any thing solid. My studies, if they could be called so, and my productions, were alike desultory. In my latter age I discovered the futility both of my objects and writings—I felt how insignificant is the reputation

of an author of mediocrity ; and that, being no genius,* I only added one name more to a list of writers ; but had told the world nothing but what it could as well be without. These reflections were the best proofs of my sense ; and when I could see through my own vanity, there is less wonder at my discovering that such talents, as I might have had, are impaired at seventy-two. Being just to myself, I am not such a coxcomb as to be unjust to you. Nor did I cover any irony towards you in the opinion I gave you of making deep writings palatable to the mass of readers. Examine my words, and I am sure you will find that, if there was any thing ironic in my meaning, it was levelled at your readers, not at you. It is my opinion that whoever wishes to be read by many, if his subject is weighty and solid, he must treat the majority with more than is to his purpose. Do not you believe that twenty name Lucretius, because of the poetic commencements of his books, for five that wade through his philosophy?

I promised to say but little—and if I have explained myself clearly, I have said enough. It is not my character to be a flatterer. I do most sincerely think you capable of great things ; and I should be a pitiful knave if I told you so, unless it was my opinion. And what end could it answer to me ? Your course is but beginning—mine is almost terminated. I do not want you to throw a

* Too modest. The author of the *Mysterious Mother* was undoubtedly a man of genius—as well as of wit and genuine taste.

few daisies on my grave ;* and if you make the figure I augur you will, I shall not be a witness to it. Adieu! Dear sir, pray believe me, what I am,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XVI.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 15, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

You will probably have been surprised at not hearing from me so long. Indeed, I hope you will have been so, for as it has been occasioned by no voluntary neglect, I had rather you should have reproached me in your own mind, than have been thoughtless of me and indifferent.

The truth is, that between great misfortunes, accidents, and illness, I have passed six melancholy months. I have lost two of my nearest and most beloved relations, lady Dysart and lord Waldegrave. Her illness terminated but in September ; his, besides the grievous loss of him, left me in the greatest anxiety for his widow, who thought herself at the end of her pregnancy, but was not delivered

* ——— sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver.

Gentle spirit, the interested arts and insinuations that misled thy two last years of extreme old age, when even talents glimmer ere they die, shall never injure the impressions of gratitude!

till above two months after his death, a fortnight ago.

In the midst of these distresses I had two very bad falls in June and September, by which I bruised myself exceedingly, and the last of which brought on a fit of the gout. In such situations I was very incapable of entertaining any body, or even of being entertained, and saw few but of my own unhappy family; or I should have asked the favour of your company at Strawberry-hill.

I am now pretty well, and came to town but to-day, when I take the first moment of telling you so, that, whenever you come to London, I may have a chance of having the pleasure of seeing you. I am, with sincere regard and esteem, dear sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

XVII.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER HE HAD, BY THE DEATH OF HIS NEPHEW, SUCCEEDED TO THE TITLE OF EARL OF ORFORD.

Berkeley-square, Dec. 26, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

As I am sure of the sincerity of your congratulations, I feel much obliged by them; though what has happened destroys my tranquillity; and if what the world reckons advantages could compensate the loss of peace and ease, would ill indemnify me, even

by them. A small estate, loaded with debt, and of which I do not understand the management, and am too old to learn; a source of law-suits amongst my near relations, though not affecting me; endless conversations with lawyers; and packets of letters every day to read and answer: all this weight of business is too much for the rag of life that yet hangs about me; and was preceded by three weeks of anxiety about my unfortunate nephew, and a daily correspondence with physicians, and mad doctors, calling upon me when I had been out of order ever since July: such a mass of troubles made me very seriously ill for some days, and has left me, and still keeps me, so weak and dispirited, that if I shall not soon be able to get some repose, my poor head or body will not be able to resist. For the empty title, I trust you do not suppose it any thing but an encumbrance, by larding my busy mornings with idle visits of interruption, and which, when I am able to go out, I shall be forced to return. Surely no man of seventy-four, unless superannuated, can have the smallest pleasure in sitting at home in his own room, as I always do, and being called by a new name.

It will seem personal, and ungrateful too, to have said so much about my own *trist* situation, and not to have yet thanked you, sir, for your kind and flattering offer of letting me read what you have finished of your history; but it was necessary to expose my condition to you, before I could venture to accept your proposal, when I am so utterly incapable of giving a quarter of an hour at a time to what, I know by my acquaintance with your works, will demand all my attention, if I wish to reap the

pleasure they are formed to give me. It is most true that, for these seven weeks, I have not read seven pages, but letters, states of accounts, cases to be laid before lawyers, accounts of farms, &c. &c. and those subject to mortgages. Thus are my mornings occupied: in an evening my relations, and a very few friends, come to me; and when they are gone, I have about an hour, to midnight, to write answers to letters for the next day's post, which I had not time to do in the morning. This is actually my case now; I happened to be quitted at ten o'clock, and I would not lose the opportunity of thanking you, not knowing when I could command another hour.

I would by no means be understood to decline your obliging offer, sir. On the contrary, I accept it joyfully, if you can trust me with your manuscript for a little time, should I have leisure to read it but by small snatches, which would be wronging, and would break all connexion in my head. Criticism you are* — — — — and to read critically is far beyond my present power. Can a scrivener, or a scrivener's hearer, be a judge of composition, style, profound reasoning, and new lights, and discoveries, &c.? But my weary hand and breast must finish. May I ask the favour of your calling upon me any morning when you shall happen to come to town? you will find the new old lord exactly the same admirer of yours, and your obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[It was a considerable time before he would sign

* An overstrained compliment is omitted.

Orford, or could even hear his style or title without hesitation.]

XVIII.

Berkeley-square, April 11, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE carefully gone through your MSS. with great delight: and, with the few trifling corrections that I have found occasion to make, I shall be ready to restore them to you whenever it shall be convenient to you to call for them; for I own I find them too valuable to be trusted to any other hand.

As I hope I am now able to begin to take the air, I beg you not to call between eleven and two, when you would not be likely to find me at home.

Your much obliged humble servant,

ORFORD.

XIX.

Berkeley-square, May 15, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

My house is so full of pictures, that I could not place a new one without displacing some other; nor is that my chief objection; I am really much too old now to be hunting for what I may have few moments to possess; and as the possessor of the picture you mention values it highly, I am not

tempted to visit what would probably be very dear. The lady represented does not strike my memory as a person about whom I have any knowledge, or curiosity; and I own I have been so often drawn to go after pictures that were merely ancient, that *now*, when I am so old, and very infirm, and go out very little, you will excuse me if I do not wait on you, though much obliged to you for your proposal. I cannot go up and down stairs without being led by a servant. It is *tempus abire* for me: *lusi satis*.

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

I. *Farce.*

“MR. O’KEEFE has brought our audiences to bear with extravagance; and were there not such irresistible humour in his utmost daring, it would be impossible to deny that he has passed even beyond the *limits* of nonsense—but I confine this approbation to his *Agreeable Surprise*. In his other pieces there is much more untempered nonsense than humour. Even that favourite performance I wondered that Mr. Colman dared to produce.”

II. *Dramatic Characters.*

“YOUR remark, that a piece full of marked characters would be void of nature, is most just. This is so strongly my opinion, that I thought it a great fault in Miss Burney’s *Cecilia*, though it has a thousand other beauties, that she has laboured far too much to make all her personages talk always in character: whereas, in the present refined or depraved state of human nature, most people endeavour to conceal their real character, not to display it. A professional man, as a pedantic fellow

of a college, or a seaman, has a characteristic dialect; but that is very different from continually *letting out* his ruling passion."

III. *Song-writing.*

"I HAVE no more talent for writing a song, than for writing an ode like Dryden's or Gray's. It is a talent *per se*, and given, like every other branch of genius, by Nature alone. Poor Shenstone was labouring through his whole life to write a perfect song—and, in my opinion at least, never succeeded—not better than Pope did in a St. Cecilian ode. I doubt not whether we have not gone a long, long way beyond the possibility of writing a good song. All the words in the language have been so often employed on simple images (without which a song cannot be good), and such reams of bad verses have been produced in that kind, that I question whether true simplicity itself could please now. At least, we are not likely to have any such thing. Our present choir of poetic virgins write in the other extreme. They colour their compositions so highly with choice and dainty phrases, that their own dresses are not more fantastic and romantic. Their nightingales make as many divisions as Italian singers.—But this is wandering from the subject: and while I only meant to tell you what I could not do myself, I am telling you what others do ill."

IV. *Poetic Epochs.*

“I WILL yet hazard one other opinion, though relative to composition in general. There are two periods favourable to poets—a rude age, when a genius may hazard any thing, and when nothing has been forestalled. The other is, when, after ages of barbarism and incorrection, a master or two produce models formed by purity and taste. Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Pope, exploded the licentiousness that reigned before them. What happened? Nobody dared to write in contradiction to the severity established; and very few had the abilities to rival their masters. Insipidity ensues:—novelty is dangerous:—and bombast usurps the throne, which had been debased by a race of *Faineants*.”

V. *Criticism.*

“It is prudent to consult others before one ventures on publication—but every single person is as liable to be erroneous as an author. An elderly man, as he gains experience, acquires prejudices too: nay, old age has generally two faults—it is too quick-sighted into the faults of the time being, and too blind to the faults that reigned in his own youth; which having partaken of, or having admired, though injudiciously, he recollects with complaisance.”

VI. *Dramatic Composition.*

“ I CONFESS, too, that there must be two distinct views in writers for the stage; one of which is more allowable to them than to other authors. The one is *durable fame*—the other, peculiar to dramatic authors, *the view of writing to the present taste*, and perhaps, as you say, to the level of the audience. I do not mean for the sake of profit—but even high comedy must risk a little of its immortality by consulting the ruling taste. And thence a comedy always loses some of its beauties, the transient—and some of its intelligibility. Like its harsher sister, Satire, many of its allusions must vanish, as the objects it aims at correcting cease to be in vogue—and perhaps that cessation, the natural death of fashion, is often ascribed by an author to his own reproofs. Ladies would have left off patching on the Whig or Tory side of their face, though Mr. Addison had not written his excellent Spectator. Probably even they who might be corrected by his reprimand adopted some new distinction as ridiculous; not discovering that his satire was levelled at their partial animosity, and not at the mode of placing their patches—for, unfortunately, as the world cannot be cured of being foolish, a preacher who eradicates one folly does but make room for some other.”

END OF THE LETTERS.

NARRATIVE

Of what passed relative to

THE QUARREL OF

MR. DAVID HUME

AND

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU,

**AS FAR AS MR. HORACE WALPOLE WAS CONCERNED
IN IT.**

THE Volume is yet deficient in its necessary quantity—another “REMINISCENCES” the reader will not expect—but the “NARRATIVE” which follows, partakes so much of the same *matériel*, although in a very different tone, and is so strikingly characteristic not only of Rousseau, but of our Author, that the Editor feels no hesitation in selecting it for the entertainment of his readers.

MAY, 1819.

NARRATIVE, &c.

I WENT to Paris in September 1765. Mr. Hume was there, secretary to the English ambassador, the earl of Hertford. About that time the curate of Motiers in Switzerland had excited the mob against Rousseau, and it was no longer safe for him to stay in that country. He petitioned the magistrates of the place to imprison him, affirming that he was troubled with a rupture, and in so bad a state of health that it was impossible for him to travel. There was no law in Switzerland against ruptures, and the magistrates could not comply with his request. Mr. Hume was desired by some friends of Rousseau to procure him a retreat in England, and undertook it zealously. He spoke to me, and said, he had thoughts of obtaining permission for him to live in Richmond new park. I said, an old groom, that had been servant of my father, was one of the keepers there, had a comfortable little lodge in a retired part of that park, and I could answer for procuring a lodging there. We afterwards recollected that lord Bute was ranger

of the park, and might not care to have a man who had given such offence by his writings to pious persons, appear to be particularly under his protection; on which we dropped that idea. Sir Gilbert Elliot was then at Paris, and going to England: to him Mr. Hume applied to look out for some solitary habitation for Rousseau, as the latter had desired.

The king of Prussia, hearing that Rousseau could not remain in Switzerland, had offered him a retreat in his dominions, which Rousseau declined. It happened that I was one evening at Madame Geoffrin's in a mixed company, where the conversation turned on this refusal, and many instances were quoted of Rousseau's affected singularities, and of his projects to make himself celebrated by courting persecution. I dropped two or three things, that diverted the company, of whom monsieur Helvetius was one. When I went home, I reduced those thoughts into a little letter from the king of Prussia to Rousseau*, and dining the next

* The letter was as follows:

“ Le Roi de Prusse à Mons. Rousseau.

“ Mon chere Jean Jaques,

“ Vous avez renoncé à Geneve votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a decreté.

“ Venez donc chez moi: j'admire vos talents; je m'amuse de vos reveries, qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un veritable grand homme. Demontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun: cela les fachera, sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible; je vous veux

day with M. Helvetius, I showed it to him. He was much diverted with it, and pointed out one or two faults in the French, which I am far from pretending to write correctly. A day or two afterwards I showed it to two or three persons at madame de Rochfort's, who were all pleased with it, among whom the duc de Nivernois proposed the alteration of one verb. I showed the letter too to madame du Deffand, and she desired to communicate it to the president Henault, and he changed the construction of the last phrase, though the thought remained exactly the same. Madame de Jonsac, the president's niece, said, if I had a mind it should appear, she would disperse it without letting the author be known. I replied, No, it had never been intended for the public, was a private piece of pleasantry, and I had no mind it should be talked of. One night at madame du Deffand's, the latter desired me to read it to madame la marechale de Mirepoix, who liked it so much, that she insisted upon having a copy; and this, as far as I can remember, was the first occasion of the dispersion.

du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez les tels que vous voudrez. Je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits; et ce qui surement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persecuter quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

“ Votre bon ami,

“ FREDERIC.”

I have recounted circumstantially the trifling incidents of the corrections of the letter, because they were afterwards most unjustly the occasion of the letter being imputed to one who had not the smallest share in it, and who was aspersed from private pique. As soon as the letter made a noise, I was so afraid of affecting to write French better than I could, that I mentioned every where, and particularly to M. Diderot at baron Holbach's, that the letter had been corrected, though I did not tell by whom, for fear of involving others in a dispute; but I never, as M. D'Alembert has falsely asserted, avowed that I had had any assistance in the composition, which would have been an untruth. This attention of not committing others, has since most absurdly been complained of by D'Alembert. Has he set his name to every thing he has written? Do his principles lead him to betray every thing that has passed in confidence between him and others? But I shall unmask his motives, and detect his spleen. He had formerly been a great friend of madame du Deffand. She had brought to Paris a poor young gentlewoman, a mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, who lived with her as a companion. They had quarrelled (I neither know nor care about what) some time before I came to Paris, and had parted. Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse had talents, drew company and authors about her, and of the latter, D'Alembert was the most assiduous; and a total coolness ensued between him and madame du Deffand. The latter soon after my arrival had shown me great distinctions and kindness. Mr. Hume proposed to carry me to mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, where I might be sure of seeing D'Alembert.

I said, I had not the honour of knowing mademoiselle de L'Espinasse; that madame du Deffand had been remarkably good to me, and as I understood they did not love one another, I did not care to disoblige madame du Deffand, nor to be involved in a quarrel with which I had nothing to do; and for monsieur D'Alembert, I was mighty indifferent about seeing him; that it was not my custom to seek authors, who are a conceited troublesome set of people, and that I was not come to Paris to pay homage to their vanity. This was by no means levelled particularly at D'Alembert, of whom I knew nothing, but so much my way of thinking, that in seven months and a half that I was at Paris, I would visit but two authors, whom I infinitely preferred to all the rest, which were the younger Crebillon and monsieur Buffon, the latter of whom is one of the most amiable, modest, humane men I ever knew. This neglect of D'Alembert and his friend, and my attachment to madame du Deffand, was not to be forgiven; and I am glad he did not forgive it, as it drew him to expose his peevish spite.

Mr. Hume remained some time longer at Paris; and though he lodged in the same hotel with me, I declare, and Mr. Crawford is my witness, that I never showed or mentioned the king of Prussia's letter to him.

In the mean time, a passport had been obtained for Rousseau; and notwithstanding he was incapable of travelling, he came to Paris in his Armenian habit, which he had worn some time, as he said, to conceal his rupture. He was lodged by the prince of Conti in the Temple; several persons ob-

tained his permission to visit him, though he made it a great favour, and yet he was so good as to indulge the curiosity of the multitude, by often walking in the public walks, where the singularity of his dress prevented his escaping their eyes. He staid a fortnight, till the parliament who had passed a decree against him began to complain of his residence in their jurisdiction. On their murmurs, the ministers alleged that the passport had been granted merely to facilitate his journey to England, and was not understood to extend beyond two or three days. The duchess of Choiseul told me, that the duke her husband was very angry that his indulgence had been abused, and at Rousseau's public exhibition of himself. I said, I hoped the duke would excuse Rousseau's delay, as I knew he had staid in complaisance to Mr. Hume, who had not been ready to depart. She replied, "Then he paid more deference to friendship than to obedience." Mr. Hume and Rousseau set out for England. They had not been there many days before accounts were written from thence to Paris of Rousseau's vanity and extravagant folly; as of his complaining to Mr. Hume one afternoon that few persons had been to see him that day; and of his refusing to settle in a gentleman's family, because the latter would not admit Rousseau's housekeeper to dine with his wife. I pitied Mr. Hume, and thought, as I had done before, that he would be heartily sick of his charge; but Mr. Hume was beyond measure attached to him, and thought he could not do too much to please him and compensate for his past misfortunes.

Some few days before I left Paris, I went to ma-

dame Geoffrin ; she was writing in her closet : in the cabinet I found two persons, one of whom was talking with much warmth, and in the style in fashion, on religion. By the turn of his conversation, and by what I had heard of his person, I concluded this was D'Alembert. It was. I walked about the room, till madame Geoffrin came to us. D'Alembert went away, and this was the only time I saw him.

The very day before I set out, I was showed in an English newspaper, Rousseau's ridiculous letter to the printer, in which he complains with so much bitterness of the letter of the king of Prussia. Before I went to bed, I wrote a letter to Rousseau, under the name of his own Emile, to laugh at his folly ; but on reflection I suppressed this, as I had done a second letter in the name of the king of Prussia, in which I foretold the variety of events which would happen in England to interfere with the noise which Rousseau hoped to make there, which would occasion his being forgotten and neglected, and which consequently would soon make him disgusted with our country. These events were, politics, Mr. Pitt's return to power, horse-races, elections, &c. all easily foreseen, and which did happen of course, and which did contribute to make Rousseau weary of the solitude which he pretended to seek, which he had found, and which he could not bear.

After I came to England, Mr. Hume told me he had solicited Mr. Conway, one of the secretaries of state, to obtain for Rousseau from the king a pension of an hundred pounds a year. Mr. Conway

asked, and the king consented to it; but in consideration of Rousseau's obnoxious writings, his majesty desired the pension should be a secret. Rousseau wished to have it public, and had not yielded then to receive it in a private manner. Afterwards followed Rousseau's extravagant quarrel with Mr. Hume, in the course of which Mr. Hume begged me to press Mr. Conway to obtain the pension in the way which would please Rousseau most. I willingly undertook it, urged Mr. Conway to pursue it, which he promised me to do; but I told Mr. Hume that he must by no means let Rousseau know that I had any share in it, as he probably would not care to owe it to me.

Then arrived Rousseau's long absurd letter to Mr. Hume, which most people in England, and I among the rest, thought was such an answer to itself, that Mr. Hume had no occasion to vindicate himself from the imputations contained in it. The gens de lettres at Paris, who aim at being an *order*, and who in default of parts raise a dust by their squabbles, were of a different opinion, and pressed Mr. Hume to publish on the occasion. Mr. Hume however declared he was convinced by the arguments of his friends in England, and would not engage in a controversy. Lord Mansfield told me, he was glad to hear I was of his opinion, and had dissuaded Mr. Hume from publishing. Indeed I was convinced he did not intend it: and when he came to me one morning, and desired I would give him a letter under my hand to show to his friends, disculpating him from having been privy to the king of Prussia's letter, I willingly consented, and wrote

one, which I gave him, and the beginning of which proved how strong my opinion was against his publishing.

I am sorry to say, that on this occasion Mr. Hume did not act quite fairly by me. In the beginning of my letter, I laughed at his *learned* friends, who wished him to publish, which, as I told him, was only to gratify their own spleen to Rousseau. I had no spleen to him, I had laughed at his affectation, but had tried to serve him; and above all things, I despised the childish quarrels of pedants and pretended philosophers. This commencement of my letter was therefore a dissuasive against printing. Could I imagine that Mr. Hume would make use of part of my letter, and suffer it to be printed—and even without asking my consent? I had told him he might do what he pleased with it: but when he had desired it only to show, and when it advised him not to publish, could my words imply a permission to print my letter, and give it to the public as if I approved his printing. And I repeat it again: was he at liberty to do this without asking and obtaining my consent? It is very true, I heartily despised Rousseau's ingratitude to Mr. Hume; but had I thought my letter would have been published, I should not have expressed my feeling in such harsh terms as *a thorough contempt*—at least I should have particularized the cause of that contempt, because the superiority and excellence of Rousseau's genius ought not to be confounded with his defects. Nor should I have treated him with the same indifference as I should the present gens de lettres at Paris, the mushrooms of the moment. But Mr. Hume was penetrated

with respect for them, and not to wound their vain and sensitive ears, suppressed the commencement of my letter, and in that mangled form suffered them to publish it. When it was published, he made an apology to me : his letters and my answers I shall annex to this narrative.

In consequence however of my contempt of controversy, with a proper scorn of D'Alembert's womanish motives, and in tenderness to Mr. Hume, I forbore to expose D'Alembert as he deserved. The little insects produced by this quarrel kept it up for some time in print, and Freron, who exists on such sour nutriment, attacked me in one of his journals, which to this hour I never saw ; nor so much as heard of, till I was informed from Paris that the duchess of Choiseul obliged him to make a public retractation, and, as well as the duke, was much incensed against D'Alembert, madame du Deffand being the duchess's particular friend. I immediately wrote to Paris, to beg the duchess would suffer Freron and D'Alembert, or any of the tribe, to write what they pleased, and get what money they could by abusing me.

Rousseau remained for some months longer in Derbyshire, in a cottage near Mr. Davenport — but in the spring Rousseau and his housekeeper suddenly departed. The post-master where he hired horses told him, Mr. Davenport would be much concerned at being quitted so abruptly. Rousseau replied, he took that method not to shock Mr. Davenport by his complaints. — However, he left a letter behind him for this last benefactor, not much inferior in reproaches to the one he had addressed to Mr. Hume. The chief cause of his discontent

had been a long quarrel between his housekeeper and Mr. Davenport's cook-maid, who, as Rousseau affirmed, had always dressed their dinner very ill, and at last had sprinkled ashes on their victuals.

Rousseau, quitting his Armenian masquerade, crossed the country with his governante, and arrived at Boston in Lincolnshire. There a gentleman who admired his writings waited on him, offered him assistance in money, and called him *the great Rousseau*. He replied with warmth, "No, sir, no, I am not *the great Rousseau*, I am the poor neglected Rousseau, of whom nobody takes any notice." Thus broke forth the true source of all his unhappiness. The brightest parts, the most established fame, could not satisfy him, unless he was the perpetual object of admiration and discourse; and to keep up this attention, he descended to all the little tricks of a mountebank.

From Boston he wrote to the lord chancellor Camden, to desire his lordship would send him a guard to conduct him to Dover. A guard! and in England! where he or any body may travel in the most perfect security! and where there was no sentence of law or decree of parliament against him!—And for what? To conduct him to France, where he was proscribed and liable to be apprehended by the first guard that should meet him. The chancellor smiled at his folly, and desired Mr. Fitzherbert to acquaint him that he had no occasion for a guard, and might go with the utmost safety to Dover—and so he did.

From Dover he wrote to Mr. Conway the most extravagant of all his letters, and which indeed amounted to madness. In it he entreated Mr. Con-

way in the most earnest and pathetic terms to suffer him to quit England (from whence he would be sailed long before Mr. Conway could receive his letter); he intimated a violent apprehension that he was to be assassinated at sea; he promised, if he was permitted to depart, that he never would write a syllable against England, or the English; offered to deposit all his unprinted writings there, and, to prove his sincerity, demanded his pension (an odd request for a man going to perish), the acceptance of which, he said, would constitute him the greatest of villains, if he should ever afterwards abuse England: and he concluded his solicitation of leave to depart, with a promise of acquainting Mr. Conway how to direct to him, as soon as he should be landed at Calais.

Mr. Conway showed me this letter. I begged him, as soon as he should receive the direction, to acquaint Rousseau that he was at full liberty to write what he pleased; that nobody wished to prevent his writing any thing he had a mind to say; and I begged Mr. Conway to obtain the pension, which he did, and which was granted.

Still wishing to compensate for any uneasiness I had given Rousseau by the king of Prussia's letter, and now really thinking him distracted enough to thrust himself on actual calamities, I wrote to the duchess of Choiseul to represent his case, to beg her protection for him, and to entreat that she would save him, if the parliament of Paris or the government should be disposed to exercise their resentment on him.

He arrived safely at Paris, was received by his old friend the prince of Conti, was for some time

lodged near Meudon; and when I returned to Paris in August, 1767, he lived very privately at a little distance from that capital on an estate belonging to the same prince, where I shall leave him, and conclude this idle history.

HORACE WALPOLE.

Paris, Sept. 13, 1767.

located near Hingham, and when I returned to Hingham in August, 1861, he was very friendly to a little distance from that point, and an estate belonging to the same person, whom I had known him, and connected with his life history.

How can I describe the scene? The scene is very beautiful, and the view is very fine. The water is very clear, and the sky is very blue. The land is very green, and the trees are very tall. The people are very friendly, and the atmosphere is very pleasant.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
FROM 1789 TO 1861
BY DAVID M. MORTON

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LETTERS

Which passed between

DAVID HUME, ESQ.

AND

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE,

RELATIVE TO ROUSSEAU.

LETTERS

RELATIVE TO ROUSSEAU.

I.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I came home last night, I found on my table a very long letter from D'Alembert, who tells me, that, on receiving from me an account of my affair with Rousseau, he summoned a meeting of all my literary friends at Paris, and found them all unanimously of the same opinion with himself, and of a contrary opinion to me, with regard to my conduct. They all think I ought to give to the public a narrative of the whole. However, I persist still more closely in my first opinion, especially after receiving the last mad letter. D'Alembert tells me, that it is of great importance for me to justify myself from having any hand in the letter from the king of Prussia: I am told by Crawford, that you had wrote it a fortnight before I left Paris, but did not

show it to a mortal, for fear of hurting me; a delicacy of which I am very sensible. Pray recollect, if it was so. Though I do not intend to publish, I am collecting all the original pieces, and shall connect them by a concise narrative. It is necessary for me to have that letter and Rousseau's answer. Pray assist me in this work. About what time, do you think, were they printed?

I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Saturday forenoon.

II.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Arlington-street, July 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed, not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not till he does.

I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the king of Prussia's letter, but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for

I not only suppressed the letter while you stayed there, out of delicacy to you ; but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or any body else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account ; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry-hill.

III.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

A FEW posts ago I had a letter from M. D'Alembert, by which I learn, that he and my other friends at Paris had determined to publish an account of my rupture with Rousseau, in consequence of a general discretionary power which I had given them. The narrative they publish is the same with that which I left with lord Hertford, and which I believe you have seen. It consists chiefly of original papers, connected by a short recital of facts. I made a few alterations, and M. D'Alembert tells me he has made a few more, with my permission and at my desire. Among the papers published is your letter to me, justifying my innocence with regard to the king of Prussia's letter. You permitted me to make what use of it I pleased for my own apology; and as I knew that you could have no reason for concealing it, I inserted it without scruple in the narrative. My Parisian friends are to accompany the whole with a preface, giving an account of my reluctance to this publication, but of the necessity which they found of extorting my consent. It appears particularly, that my antagonist had wrote letters of defiance against me all over Europe, and said, that the letter he wrote me was so confounding to me, that I would not dare to show it to any one without falsifying it. These letters were likely

to make impression, and my silence might be construed into a proof of guilt. I am sure that my friends have judged impartially in this affair, and without being actuated by any prejudice or passion of their own; for almost all of them were at first as averse as I was to the publication, and only proceeded to it upon the apparent necessity which they discovered. I have not seen the preface; but the book will probably be soon in London, and I hope you will find that the reasons assigned by my friends are satisfactory. They have taken upon them the blame, if any appears to lie in this measure. I am, with great truth and sincerity,

Dear sir,
Your most obedient
and most humble servant,
DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh, 30th of Oct. 1766.

IV.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

Nov. 6, 1766.

DEAR SIR,
You have, I own, surprised me by suffering your quarrel with Rousseau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and against the advice of all your best friends here: I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to despise literary squabbles, the jest and scorn of all men of sense. Indeed I

am sorry you have let yourself be over-persuaded, and so are all that I have seen who wish you well : I ought rather to use your own word *extorted*. You say your Parisian friends *extorted* your consent to this publication. I believe so. Your good sense could not approve what your good heart could not refuse. You add, that they told you *Rousseau had sent letters of defiance against you all over Europe*. Good God ! my dear sir, could you pay any regard to such fustian ? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into these idle quarrels, with which Europe only wipes its backside. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles the fifth and Francis the first. What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger and Scioppius of Billingsgate memory ? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors, yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them as if they could quote all the Philippics of the learned.

You have acted, as I should have expected if you *would* print, with sense, temper, and decency, and, what is still more uncommon, with your usual modesty. I cannot say so much for your editors. But editors and commentators are seldom modest. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators at the restoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the sense which they wanted in their native languages. But *Europe* is now grown a little wiser,

and holds these magnificent pretensions in proper contempt.

What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it to you, it was for your justification; and had it been necessary, I could have added much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed at that time I did not, could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

I must confess that I am more concerned that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me. I guess that your friends consulted your interest less than their own inclination to expose Rousseau; and I think their omission of what I said on that subject proves I was not mistaken in my guess. My letter hinted too my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought, that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks, which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

Your friend D'Alembert, who I suppose has read a vast deal, is, it seems, offended with my letter to Rousseau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it as I was to write it. Unfortunately he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rousseau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: especially on his affectation and affected misfortunes, which you and your editors have proved *are affected*. D'Alembert might be offended at Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be sorry to have his eloges and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him any thing, provided he never translates me. Adieu! my dear sir; I am apt to laugh, you know, and therefore you will excuse me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims. They may treat me as freely; I shall not laugh the less, and I promise you I will never enter into a controversy with them.

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

V.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY I received by the post a copy of the edition, printed at Paris, of my narrative of this ridiculous affair between Rousseau and me. There is an introduction in the name of my friends, giving an account of the necessity under which they found themselves to publish this narrative; and an appendix in D'Alembert's name, protesting his innocence with regard to all the imputations thrown on him by Rousseau. I have no objection with regard to the first, but the second contains a clause which displeases me very much, but which you will probably only laugh at: it is that where he blames the king of Prussia's letter as cruel. What could engage D'Alembert to use this freedom, I cannot imagine. Is it possible that a man of his superior parts can bear you ill will because you are the friend of his enemy, madame du Deffand? What makes me suspect that there may be something true of this suspicion, is, that several passages in my narrative, in which I mention you and that letter, are all altered in the translation, and rendered much less obliging than I wrote them: for my narrative sent to Paris was an exact copy of that left in lord Hertford's hands. I would give any thing to prevent a publication in London (for surely the whole affair will appear perfectly ridiculous); but

I am afraid that a book printed at Paris will be translated in London, if there be hopes of selling a hundred copies of it. For this reason, I fancy it will be better for me to take care that a proper edition be published, in which case I shall give orders that all the passages altered in my narrative shall be restored.

Since I came here I have been told that you have had a severe fit of sickness, but that you are now recovered: I hope you are perfectly so. I am anxious to hear of your welfare; being, with great sincerity,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh, 4th of Nov. 1766.

VI.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

INDEED, dear sir, it was not necessary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to say what he pleases of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it signifies a straw to me what he says. But how can you be surprised at his printing a thing that he sent you so long ago? All *my* surprise consists in your suffering him to curtail my letter to you, when you might be sure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine: it not only shows his equity, but is the strongest presumption that he was conscious I guessed right, when I supposed he

urged you to publish, from his own private pique to Rousseau.

What you surmise of his censuring my letter because I am a friend of madame du Deffand, is astonishing indeed, and not to be credited, unless you had suggested it. Having never thought him any thing like a *superior genius* as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; but to carry resentment to a woman, to an old and blind woman, so far, as to hate a friend of hers qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal, is strangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philosopher, and that philosophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wisdom, and were above the little passions and foibles of humanity. I thought they assumed that proud title as an earnest to the world that they intended to be something more than mortal; that they engaged themselves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no decision, but what they believed the quintessence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and respect of persons. Indeed we know that the ancient philosophers were a ridiculous composition of arrogance, disputation, and contradictions; that some of them acted against all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own senses; that some, for venting unintelligible nonsense, pretended to think themselves superior to kings; that they gave themselves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not see—and yet, that no two of them agreed in a single hypothesis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that some were even so absurd, and impious, as to

displace God, and enthrone matter in his place. I do not mean to disparage such wise men, for we are really obliged to them: they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonsense, through which we might possibly have passed, if they had not prevented us. But when in this enlightened age, as it is called, I saw the term *philosophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we should be blessed with only the cream of sapience; and one had more reason still to expect this from any *superior genius*. But, alas! my dear sir, what a tumble is here! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Aristophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making sport with a great man in distress, but because Plato hated some blind old woman with whom Aristophanes was acquainted!

D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjust, as I never heard madame du Deffand talk of him above three times in the seven months that I passed at Paris, and never, though she does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the first time I ever heard her mention his name, I said I had been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer, (Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now.) She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and said he was extremely amusing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other, which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently

paid if their books sell, and of course leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France they spoil us; but that was no business of mine. I who am an author must own this conduct very sensible; for in truth we are a most useless tribe.

That D'Alembert should have omitted passages in which you was so good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peevishness, not with his philosophy. However, for God's sake, do not reinstate the passages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my consent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may rest there. I am much more diverted with the philosopher D'Alembert's underhand dealings, than I should have been pleased with panegyric even from you.

Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling business for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rousseau certainly never did offend me. I believed from many symptoms in his writings, and from what I had heard of him, that his love of singularity made him choose to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I, who affect no philosophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *superior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The sage D'Alembert reprehends this—and where? In a book published to expose Rousseau, and which confirms by serious proofs what I had hinted at in jest. What! does

a philosopher condemn me, and in the very same breath, only with ten times more ill-nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh! but you will say, Rousseau had offended D'Alembert by ascribing the king of Prussia's letter to him. Worse and worse: if Rousseau is unhappy, a philosopher should have pardoned. Revenge is so unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *præcipuè sanus*—*nisi cum pituita molesta est*. If Rousseau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill-nature?—In short, my dear sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philosophers. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Arlington-street, Nov. 11th, 1766.

P. S. It occurs to me, that you may be apprehensive of my being indiscreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your suspicions of him on madame du Deffand's account; but you may be perfectly easy on that head. Though I like such an advantage over him, and should be glad he saw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I shall certainly not make an ill use of a private letter, and had much rather wave any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent *sçavant*, but respect learning when joined to such goodness as yours, and never confound ostentation and modesty.

I wrote to you last Thursday; and, by lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Nine-Wells. I hope you will receive it.

VII.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

I READILY agree with you, my dear sir, that it is a great misfortune to be reduced to the necessity of consenting to this publication ; but it had certainly become necessary. Even those who at first joined me in rejecting all idea of it, wrote to me and represented, that this strange man's defiances had made such impression, that I should pass universally for the guilty person, if I suppressed the story. Some of his greatest admirers and partisans, who had read my manuscript, concurred in the same sentiments with the rest. I never consented to any thing with greater reluctance in my life. Had I found one man of my opinion, I should have persevered in my refusal. One reason of my reluctance was, that I saw this publication, if necessary at Paris, was yet superfluous, not to say worse, at London. But I hope it will be considered that the publication is not, properly speaking, my deed, but that of my friends, in consequence of a discretionary power which I gave them, and which it was natural for me to give them, as I was at too great a distance to form a judgment in the case.

I am as sensible as you are of the ridicule to which men of letters have exposed themselves, by running every moment to the public with all their private squabbles and altercations ; but surely there has been something very unexpected and peculiar in

this affair. My antagonist, by his genius, his singularities, his quackery, his misfortunes, and his adventures, had become more the subject of general conversation in Europe (for I venture again on the word) than any person in it. I do not even except Voltaire, but less the king of Prussia and Mr. Pitt. How else could it have happened, that a clause of a private letter, which I wrote somewhat thoughtlessly to a private gentleman at Paris, should in three days' time have been the only subject of conversation in that capital, and should thence have propagated itself every where as fast as the post could carry it? You know, that at first I was so little inclined to make a noise about this story, that I had entertained thoughts of giving no reply at all to the insult, which was really so ridiculous: but you very properly dissuaded me from this resolution; and by your advice I wrote that letter, which certainly nobody will find fault with.

Having made this apology for myself (where, however, I expect to be absolved as much by your compassion as your judgment), I proceed to say something in favour of my friends. Allow me then to inform you, that it was not D'Alembert who suppressed that clause of your letter, but me, who did not transcribe it in the copy I sent to Paris. I was afraid of engaging you needlessly in a quarrel with these literati; and as that clause had no reference to the business in hand, I thought I might fairly secrete it. I wish I could excuse him as well on another head. He sent me above two months ago something like that declaration, and desired me to convey it to Rousseau; which I refused to do, and gave him some reasons of my refusal: but he

replied to me, that he was sure my true secret reason was my regard to you. He ought thence to have known, that it would be disagreeable to me to see such a piece annexed to mine. I have remarked also the omission of a phrase in the translation; and this omission could not be altogether by accident: it was where I mention your suppressing the king of Prussia's letter, while we lived together at Paris. I said it was *agreeable to your usual politeness and humanity*. I have wrote to Becket the bookseller to restore this passage, which is so conformable to my real sentiments: but whether my orders have come in time, I do not know as yet. Before I saw the Paris edition, I had desired Becket to follow it wherever it departed from my original. The difference, I find, was in other respects but inconsiderable.

It is only by conjecture I imagine, that D'Alembert's malevolence to you (if he has any malevolence) proceeds from your friendship with madame du Deffand; because I can find no other ground for it. I see also, that in his declaration there is a stroke obliquely levelled at her, which perhaps you do not understand, but I do; because he wrote me that he heard she was your corrector. I found these two persons in great and intimate friendship when I arrived at Paris: but it is strange how intemperate they are both become in their animosity; though perhaps it is more excusable in her, on account of her age, sex, and bodily infirmities. I am very sensible of your discretion in not citing me on this occasion; I might otherwise have a new quarrel on my hands.

With regard to D'Alembert, I believe I said he

was a man of *superior parts*, not a *superior genius*; which are words, if I mistake not, of a very different import. He is surely entitled to the former character, from the works which you and I have read: I do not mean his translation of Tacitus, but his other pieces. But I believe he is more entitled to it from the works which I suppose neither you nor I have read, his Geometry and Algebra. I agree with you, that in some respects Rousseau may more properly be called a superior genius; yet is he so full of extravagance, that I am inclined to deny him even that appellation. I fancy D'Alembert's talents and Rousseau's united might fully merit such a eulogy.

In other respects, D'Alembert is a very agreeable companion, and of irreproachable morals. By refusing great offers from the czarina and the king of Prussia, he has shown himself above interest and vain ambition: He lives in an agreeable retreat at Paris, suitable to a man of letters. He has five pensions: one from the king of Prussia, one from the French king, one as member of the academy of sciences, one as member of the French academy, and one from his own family. The whole amount of these is not 6000 livres a year; on the half of which he lives decently, and gives the other half to poor people with whom he is connected. In a word, I scarce know a man, who, with some few exceptions (for there must always be some exceptions), is a better model of a *virtuous* and *philosophical* character.

You see I venture still to join these two epithets as inseparable and almost synonymous; though you seem inclined to regard them almost as incom-

patible. And here I have a strong inclination to say a few words in vindication both of myself and of my friends, venturing even to comprehend you in the number. What new prepossession has seized you to beat in so outrageous a manner your nurses of mount Helicon, and to join the outcry of the ignorant multitude against science and literature? For my part, I can scarce acknowledge any other ground of distinction between one age and another, between one nation and another, than their different progress in learning and the arts. I do not say between one man and another; because the qualities of the heart and temper and natural understanding are the most essential to the personal character; but being, I suppose, almost equal among nations and ages, do not serve to throw a peculiar lustre on any. You blame France for its fond admiration of men of genius; and there may no doubt be, in particular instances, a great ridicule in these affectations: but the sentiment in general was equally conspicuous in ancient Greece, in Rome during its flourishing period, in modern Italy, and even perhaps in England about the beginning of this century. If the case be now otherwise, it is what we are to lament and be ashamed of. Our enemies will only infer, that we are a nation which was once at best but half civilized, and is now relapsing fast into barbarism, ignorance, and superstition. I beg you also to consider the great difference in point of morals between uncultivated and civilized ages.—But I find I am launching out insensibly into an immense ocean of common-place; I cut the matter therefore short, by declaring it as my opinion, that if you had been born a barbarian, and

had every day cooked your dinner of horseflesh by riding on it fifty miles between your breech and the shoulder of your horse, you had certainly been an obliging, good-natured, friendly man; but at the same time, that reading, conversation, and travel have detracted nothing from those virtues, and have made a considerable addition of other valuable and agreeable qualities to them. I remain, not with ancient sincerity, which was only roguery and hypocrisy, but very sincerely, dear sir,

Your most obedient

and most humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh, 20th of Nov. 1766.

P. S. The French translation of this strange piece of mine (for I must certainly give it that epithet) was not made by D'Alembert, but by one under his direction.

THE END.

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had every day cooked your dinner of horseflesh by riding on it fifty miles between your breech and the shoulder of your horse, you had certainly been an obliging, good-natured, friendly man; but at the same time, that reading, conversation, and travel have detracted nothing from those virtues, and have made a considerable addition of other valuable and agreeable qualities to them. I remain, not with ancient sincerity, which was only roguery and hypocrisy, but very sincerely, dear sir,

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and most humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh, 20th of Nov. 1766.

P. S. The French translation of this strange piece of mine (for I must certainly give it that epithet) was not made by D'Alembert, but by one under his direction.

THE END.

Walpole, Horace,

Reminiscences Written in 1788, for the Amusement of Miss Mary and Miss
Agnes B... y

London 1819

P.o.angl. 464 aq

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